

The Cloaked Twin Sister

by LolaPeople

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Summary: Throughout the movie, Hiccup was alone. He had always been different from the others - scrawny and smart while the "normal" crew was brawny and burly. But what if there was someone else just like him? Aleda, Hiccup's twin sister, was always wearing a cloak. What was her reason? Takes place a year before the movie. Rated T for some mild violence, but language should be K. REWRITING

## 1. Prologue

\*\*This is my first time writing a full-out story with chapters and stuff XD Enjoy and please comment on what I need to improve on.  
:D\*\*

\*\*Disclaimer: I do not own How To Train Your Dragon and the characters in it.\*\*

\*\*EDIT: This is rewritten â€“ it now has a more detailed background of Aleda. This is quite long, since I'm going to cover a lot of things here.\*\*

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><p><span><em>Prologue</em>

\* \* \*

><p>"Take a deep breath inâ€¦ now push!" The midwife made exaggerated breathing motions to help the woman in front of her give birth. The poor woman's face was pale with exhaustion, a puddle of sweat drenched her entire tunic. "Just one more push, and this will be over, alright?"<p>

Valka grunted ungracefully as tried to contain her screams â€“ she knew if she did, her husband would crash the doors down, and she really didn't want to spend the entire winter repairing the door,

especially in the freezing cold.

Why her child had decided that it was time to come out at this day, just two months before Snoggletog, she did not know. Maybe she could hold a grudge at her when she was old enough to understand.

Stoick always thought the baby was a boy. Valka thought it was a girl.

When the agony ripped through her abdomen as her tiny child came out, all she could think was deep hatred and love for her husband "when she was pregnant, and though she listened to many tales about birth, she did not know it would hurt this much.

But for now, she would concentrate to bring her child to the world, though she really hoped she would stay inside her, for the world was cruel and scary.

Her teeth gritted in a high pitch, but the midwife did not flinch at all "maybe she was used to it. Valka secretly admired the midwife, and would have reminded herself to pay her a fair amount of money if not for the constant exploding pain.

She didn't know when it was over "she only knew that there was an excited yelp from the midwife, and the shout that came after that, "It's a boy! Congratulations, Valka!"

A boy? I guess I was wrong then. She flailed her arms for her child, her entire body weak from giving birth to her son.

Her son.

And then a cry interrupted her thoughts "it seemed so painful, so high-pitched. She reminded herself that this must be done to make sure her son could breathe, but hearing him cry, and in his first moments of life, made her heart ache. When she finally got her son back, blood wiped clean, she gasped.

Unbelievable. Her fingers traced the tiny brown hair sprouted from her baby's head "his eyes surprisingly green. Just like his father, she smiled, cooing at her newborn child. It was only seconds, and she had fallen in love with her son.

But he looked so fragile, so small and thin, unlike the other babies she'd seen. She felt a pang of sorrow for the baby she cradled in her arms. You shouldn't have inherited that, she thought, You should have been strong, like your father, She smiled, but this time, it felt forced " Not frail, like your mother.

Then she felt everything stop.

Pain. Great pain. It was as if she was being torn apart, her eyes rolled to the back of her head.

She felt someone snatch her son away " No! She thought, but she couldn't concentrate on even speaking through the pain. What's going on?! She wanted to scream, to know what was happening at that very instant.

"Valka!"

\_What now?!

"Another child is coming!"

\_What?\_

She pushed again, and though she thought she would be used to the pain of giving birth, she was not.

In fact, it felt like it hurt even more, like someone pressed red-hot iron into her.

When it was finally over, she heard the midwife exclaim in shock, and a tiny bit of \_horror\_.

"What? What is it?" Valka snapped, slightly guilty on the shocked and hurt face that flashed across the midwife's face for a moment.

The midwife handed the baby over to her, only lightly saying that she was a girl. And like the midwife's reaction, she gasped.

"Whatâ€| I don't understand." She traced over the skin of her daughter â€" or rather, scales.

But she was still beautiful, like any other newborn baby.

With a jolt of horror, Valka's hoarse voice and widened eyes turned to the midwife.

"My husband, he can't see this. Not now, not ever." She cradled her daughter closer to herself, scared that she would be snatched away and \_killed\_ for her strangeness. She hoped the midwife wasn't a dragon hater.

Fortunately, she wasn't.

"I'll help you." The midwife produced a dark wrap from a cabinet, taking the baby gently in her arms and wrapping the baby around with it, her face and body hidden underneath. "I'll say it was infected by a very contagious disease, and only you and I will be able to see her." She eyed the worried mother, and sighed, "I might have to keep her and see if thoseâ€| scalesâ€| fall off."

"What if they don't?"

"Then we'll have to hide her until she is able cover her scales."

The young mother wept for her children's fate â€" one will have to hide, while one will grow up frail, both unlike the Viking code.

~/~

"Hiccup." Stoick stroked his son's head fondly, "His name is Hiccup."

He was such a wee little thing, so small, so fragile. Stoick wrinkled his nose at his brother's jeers, his forehead crinkled at his scoffs.

The chief had in turn coldly snapped at his brother's boast about his unborn son and his insults about the newborn baby, saying he was the "runt of the litter".

Stoick hoped that by naming his son Hiccup, though it was an unofficial name for the smallest and scrawniest, would help his son become even stronger and "scare away gnomes and trolls", according to Gobber.

Like he would trust this stuff.

\_But, better be safe than sorry\_. Stoick smiled down at his son again, briefly looking up to his wife, noting her concerned and distressed face.

He gently put his son on the crib, who had finally started to stop the wailing and yanking, and placed a hand on his wife's shoulder.

"Val," He lightly shook her shoulder, "What's wrong?" He knew what was wrong, but he knew it would be better if she said something herself.

Her hand laid on her still swollen belly, "He's soâ€¢ tiny, so frail. I'm scaredâ€¢!" She trailed off in the middle of her sentence with her head drooped down.

"No, Val." He firmly lifted his wife's head up, "He will be strong, just you see. He'll be such a fighter, like you. I know that both of our children will grow up to be the strongest Viking we will \_ever\_ see."

She sniffed, and quietly whispered one word, "Aleda."

Taken by surprise, Stoick blinked and asked, "What?"

"Aleda." Valka's smile grew a little, "I've been waiting to tell you. The Elder said it was a good name."

"Why a Spanish name?" Stoick was very confused â€“ why were they naming their daughter after some gold stealing people?

"The Elder said it meant small and winged." She grinned a little, "And I don't want her to be named somethingâ€¢ Viking. I want her to be special, like Hiccup."

"Valâ€¢ We can alwaysâ€¢"

"Remember your promise? If the baby turns out to be a boy, you get to name it. But if it's a girl, I will name it. Now that we have one boy one girl, you named Hiccup, so I decide what to call our daughter." Her fierce glance had alwaysâ€¢ intimidated Stoick. And that's saying something.

"Alright. But can you at least tell me why?" He sighed, knowing he could not â€“ and would not â€“ argue with his wife.

"I wish my daughter could fly to freedom with her wings, to achieve happiness." Valka's thoughts had always been different than other Vikings â€“ while other Vikings wanted their children to be strong to

fend off the constant dragon raids, Valka only wished for her children to be happy and free. Of course, Stoick never really knew that Valka had meant her words literally, something that he would only learn about fifteen years later.

And though his wife was admittedly strange according to Viking terms, he was proud to have such a woman in his life. She was always so optimistic, bringing him hope when he needed it. "How is she?" He felt like he sunk to the bottom of the ocean when he heard the news about his daughter â€“ plagued by an infectious disease! It took hundreds of warnings from the midwife, who turned out to also be a healer, and about twenty men and his wife to hold him down from charging into the door right there and then.

Valka was very worried about her daughter â€“ not because she had a disease, which wasn't even true, but she feared of what others will say, how they would treat her, especially her husband, as they were all brought up that dragons were horrible creatures.

It really didn't help that her daughter looked like one.

The midwife helped her gather rumours and information about the conditions of her daughter â€“ however, they all had no source, and they had no idea whether they were true or not.

One said that they were the demon's children. Valka threw the book into the fire, much to the midwife's chagrin.

One said that they had dragon parents. Valka slammed that book on the floor.

One said that it was some kind of bloodline, and only in the rarest case would such child be created. Valka scoffed at it, very clearly recalling that none of her relatives had scales on their face.

Weeks had passed since the naming ceremony, and still she had no results about her daughter's condition. Hopeless, she turned to the midwife for help, who began to become her good friend, the only person she trusted.

"All we can do now is to hide her identity." She said, solemnly.  
"There's no other choice."

"What do you mean, hide her identity?" Valka had an idea where this was going.

"There's no other choice, Valka. Your child will have to wear a cloak, all the time."

Cloaks were considered as cowardly. Cloaks were known as concealing something evil and horrible. At that moment, Valka knew her daughter would have an extremely terrible life.

\* \* \*

><p>"What?!" Stoick nearly flipped the table from his sudden outburst.</p>

"It's the disease, Stoick." Valka tried her best not to stutter and

to look as \_innocent\_ and \_depressed\_ as possible. "Itâ€| scarred her. Now she has to wearâ€"

"A CLOAK?!" He bellowed, almost guilty at his poor wife's reaction, "Do you know what that means Valka?!"

"I have no choice, Stoick!" Tears streamed down her face, "I know what a cloak means, Stoick. I also know how expensive and how it will impact our family. But I have no choice!" It was her yelling now, although not as loud as the chief's, but at least she made her point.

"Just because she's \_scarred\_, doesn't mean she has to wear thatâ€| thing!"

"I insist!"

"You're making her life harder than it is! She's going to grow up being laughed at!"

\_At least she won't be killed!\_ She thought, but she knew that she could not say that aloud â€" her husband will find out, and he will \_kill\_ her. Having no other comebacks, she stood up and left the table, storming up the stairs to find something to cry on.

Stoick sighed and ran his hair along his beard, pulling on a few and became frustrated, both at himself and his wife.

Both knew each other had a point. Both knew that the other was right. Unfortunately, both were too stubborn to admit it. Both were thinking to let time wash over this, and talk about it another day.

If only they knew they didn't have another day.

\* \* \*

><p>Another dragon raid.</p>

He should've known â€" after all, they just \_had\_ to attack at the start of devastating winter.

For a second, he wondered if dragons hibernated at all.

And then he was out of the door with his battle-axe, protecting his village and people. He hoped Valka would stay safe in the house with Hiccup.

He tried to find a balance between fighting and slaying the dragons so they could not take away the village's supplies for the winter, and to try to give mercy to them, as his wife often told him to.

And when he saw a Monstrous Nightmare fly away into the night and an exasperated grunt from another Viking, mumbling something about his wife, he knew that his wife didn't stay at home, away from all the danger.

Again.

A sudden realisation hit him â€" if his wife wasn't at home, then Hiccup was \_alone\_.

In the middle of a \_dragon raid\_.

He abruptly turned direction, avoiding a dragon that tried to snap at him â€“ what type it was, he paid no mind. All he knew was that his son was in \_danger\_, and he had to get to his house, \_now\_.

And was met with a \_huge\_ hole, as well as a baby's cries.

\_His\_ baby's cries.

He jumped in through the hole, and saw an \_enormous\_ dragon facing Valka.

It was \_very\_ close to her.

Acting out of instinct, he threw his axe towards it, hoping his wife was not hurt. "Valka, run!" He ran to dodge the fire he knew would come.

Where he ended up right \_outside\_ the ring of fire that trapped his son and his wife.

\_No!\_ His eyes widened with fear. "Hold on!" He knew what to do. He had to.

He rolled over the fire to retrieve Hiccup from his cradle and held his axe to attack the dragonâ€

"No! Stoick!" The distinct shout of his wife led him looking up into the sky.

Where the \_dragon\_ was carrying her.

\_No no no no no! \_"VALKA!"\_ He cried, wishing his shouts would cause the beast to release her. \_No! I can't lose you!\_

"Stoick!" Her voice, he could hear and feel, filled with regret, helplessness, mournfulâ€| And yet he could only stand there and watch his wife disappear into a dot.

"Valka." Hiccup wailed in his arms, as if he \_knew\_ what happened.

He could not believe that his wife was carried away by dragons.

And he couldn't even stop the dragon, or to protect his wife, only watch helplessly as his wife was snatched away, and never come back.

Part of him hoped it was just a dream. But the heat of the fire around him was too real to be a dream.

\_Noâ€\_|\_ He didn't even had the chance to apologise, to hug her one last time, to caress her cheeks with the back of his handâ€| Their last memories, was a \_fight\_ between them.

\_I'll carry out your wish, Valka.\_ The chief finally allowed himself tears that had not been spilled since decades.

But before he turned away from that wretched sky that made him feel so useless, his eyes turned steel as his hand on his axe grew tighter that he would later wonder how his axe didn't break under his grip, and thought of only one thing.

\_You will pay for this, dragons.\_

\* \* \*

><p>Over the years, Aleda and Hiccup's relationship grew stronger, though she always wore a cloak. The village sometimes sneered, calling her a coward, which Aleda had grown used to. But when Stoick heard about the rumours â€“ which was already well known and spread when he received it â€“ he furiously gathered the entire village, made a speech and established new rules, that if he ever hear another word about his daughter's "cowardice", he would immediately shipped them off to Outcast Island.</p>

Though it stopped the villagers and traders from calling her names, it just made the matter worse for those of the same age as her.

The villagers learnt that Aleda wasn't that bad â€“ she turned out to be a good hunter, and one that trades for a fair price, sometimes even a better trade than any other. Some had asked why she bothered â€“ after all, she was the Chief's daughter â€“ but never received an answer.

Everyone, including the children that were similar to Aleda's age and Hiccup, also learnt not to peek in her hood â€“ most of them learnt the hard way. Except for Hiccup, who was forgiven a day later, because he would always be an exception to her.

Stoick had the constant frustration of his son running around the village and causing troubles, and his daughter running out to dragon raids to do Gods-know-what. Someone suggested apprenticeship â€“ which he thought long and hard about.

So when he walked past the forge and saw his friend Gobber lifting his appendages and was doing a bad job of it, he approached him, helping him at the same time.

"Stoick! What brings you here?" Gobber cheerfully chimed, already moving to pick up the heated iron to forge a sword. Berk was running out of weapons because of the constant dragon raids, and he had to keep up his schedule in order to be prepared for another one.

Never one to speak in circles, Stoick directly asked, "Would you like an apprentice?"

"That would be nice." Gobber replied without hesitation, walking from all over the forge to heat this, sharpen that, repeatâ€!

"Great. I'll talk to Hiccup about this." He walked away from the forge, listened to the sudden silence from his shock, and then smiled when he heard the joyous tone of whistling from inside.

Stoick trekked his way up to Gothi's house, or the healer's hut, and asked the same question. Gothi, much to his surprise, agreed at once when she heard who would be her apprentice. He blinked as he walked out the door, wondering why that old lady had accepted without doubt

when she rejected so many others.

He shook his head and let out a small chuckle, \_Maybe she can see the future.\_

\* \* \*

><p>Like every day, she walked into the woods with familiarity, knowing what exact steps to take and which exact direction to walk to. She expertly jumped over a fallen trunk, the landscape already memorised in her mind.</p>

Nobody really knew why she insisted on a two-hour session of picking herbs every day. She knew that it only took ten to twenty minutes to locate and pick them. So what was she doing for the next hour and a half?

Nobody knew.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Yay, 3000 words! Took up 9 pages on my document.</strong>

\*\*I hope you enjoyed the rewritten prologue :D Comment on errors and yeah. XD\*\*

## 2. Identity

\*\*To be honest, I already got the general stuff of this chapter written right after I posted the rewritten prologue, but I didn't think it was good enough, so I scrapped it and wrote it all over again. XD\*\*

\*\*Enough of me blabbering, you guys must've waited for this for a long time . I'm sorry for the lateness, as I always am, so I'm not going to bother coming up with another reason, yeah? :D\*\*

\*\*Enjoy :)\*\*

\*\*Disclaimer: I do not own How To Train Your Dragon and the characters in it, although it would be awesome.\*\*

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><p><span><em>Identity</em>

\* \* \*

><p>The village buzzed into life as the first ray of sunlight hit Berk, a signal of a new day.</p>

The chilly air blew across the village, though not one Viking shivered at the coldness it brought. Their grim faces, however, betrayed their thoughts about the wind. Winter had started, dragon raids were more severe, and though they worked very hard the last few months to fill up their storage on food, their food supplies were still barely enough for everyone to last through winter.

This only pushed them to work harder, though. After all, Vikings were strong and tough, and they were very, very stubborn.

The villagers filed into the Great Hall, eager to start their day with a nice warm meal. Many villagers looked down at their only half-filled bowls with a scowl â€“ the start of winter also meant rationing, something that Vikings certainly did not like.

The household on top of the mountain, overlooking the village, seemed to have no problem though. Maybe it was because the Chief lived there, or his two children didn't have enormous appetites like normal Vikings.

Winter was also disastrous for the two teens â€“ Hiccup and Aleda. Because winter meant more dragon raids, it made sense that more weapons were needed in the village. Hiccup was required to start work earlier, but he was not a morning person. It was almost impossible to wake him up.

More dragon raids meant more injuries. More injuries meant more herbs to collect. More herbs meantâ€¢ less free time for Aleda.

She shook her brother vigorously for about five minutes, who whined and moaned, refusing to even open his eyes. Aleda groaned in exasperation, and proceeded to snatch the blankets off his bed just as a gust of wind entered from the window.

Hiccup, startled by the sudden coldness, sat up abruptly and shivered. He glared at his sister, who only looked at him with annoyance and a hint of amusement. "What was that for?"

"To get your lazy butt off the bed. You're expected in the forge in five minutes." Aleda almost snickered at his alarmed reaction as he jumped off the bed and ran down the stairs with barefoot. She laughed and followed him down, and found him stuffing his face with bread and gulping at his milk.

When he finally swallowed the bread and faced a still laughing Aleda, he simply glared and asked, "Why didn't you wake me up earlier?"

"You think I didn't try?" She stuck her tongue out, "Shouldn't you be heading out already? Gobber's going to kill you if you turn up late again."

"Again? What do you mean 'again'?" He scoffed, but reached for his fur coat anyways. "I've never been late this winter."

"That's because winter just started."

"That's the point." Hiccup grinned, shrugging to lift the coat on his shoulders.

"Well, have fun being fried by Gobber." She smirked as Hiccup rolled his eyes and reached for the door.

"Have fun finding a double amount of herbs." He winked and disappeared out of the door. Aleda shook her head and continued with her meal.

She heard a yell from the forge not long later. She snickered at the image of her brother's face.

\* \* \*

><p>Lifting her hand, Aleda touched the side of her face, mirrored by the reflection on the lake.</p>

\_When will these ever disappear?\_ She thought as her finger scraped along her face. The scales on her face were hard and smooth, unlike the parts of her face that was actually skin.

She pinched the fabric of her cloak with the other hand and rubbed it between her fingers. \_Would I have to wear this for my entire life?\_

\_Not that I minded.\_

Of course she didn't mind the looks, the snickers and jeers she received. Of course she didn't mind the names "abomination", "coward". Of course she didn't mind that nobody tried to understand her, judging her by looks and the stupid damn cloak "

\_Calm down.\_

\_It hadn't got to me for thirteen years. So why should it now?\_

\_All you need to care about is Hiccup\_.

Just the thought of him calmed her angered and agitated thoughts, chasing away unpleasant memories.

She wondered if Hiccup would hate her if she ever revealed to him of what she really was.

\_At least I'm sure my dad would.\_

She hated the disappointed look on Hiccup's face when he thought she wasn't looking. And though they shared everything, their favourites, their secrets, their worries, she could not tell him \_this\_.

For fear he would look at her with \_fear\_ and \_horror\_.

\_Nobody knows. Nobody understands. \_

The sudden thought of her mother grazed at her mind.

\_My mother probably knew.\_ She thought. \_But wouldn't the midwife know as well? Or was I born without scales?\_

Suddenly, she envied the past her.

And just about everyone else too.

\_Why was I born with this? With scales on my face? \_

Her greatest wish was to be normal. But a part of her knew she didn't, because she would lose the ability to fly.

It was really the only aspect that kept her from completely despising

herself. To touch the sky and the cloudsâ€œ! It was relaxing.

Aleda sighed when she was reminded of the time by looking up at the sky. Double of the amount of time was lost, all because winter had begun, and she would need more herbs to aid Gothi in healing the injured or ill villagers.

She placed her satchel that was full of herbs on the ground, careful to find a place where she would not step on it.

Walking to the middle of the cove, where Aleda discovered a few years ago, she closed her eyes and hummed as she felt herself growing larger, auburn hair shrinking into dark purple scales and the switch of balance from two feet to four legsâ€œ!

She opened my eyes and found that her eyesight was lower by at least half of her original height. Huh, I never noticed that before.\_

With only one thought in her mind, she crouched as low as she could, ran to gain speed thenâ€œ! \_jump!\_

Finding the right moment to flap and rise into the sky took Aleda years to master â€œ" no one taught her how to, so it made sense that her taking off skills were quite dodgy.

But as long as it got her into the sky, she was content.

She flapped her wings harder and rose into the cloud layers, where she finally allowed herself to relax her wings and glide. The clouds brushed past her head and wings, and all her worries and frustration disappeared as she simply enjoyed the feeling of being in the air.

For the first time in the day, she allowed herself to ease and let her guard down.

\* \* \*

><p><em>That was a horrible dive.</em> She chided at herself at her landing.

But it was the best so far, so she shrugged and wondered what to do next, the sun still indicated that there was still time.

I guess I can practice for a while\_. The only form she had mastered (or at least, was the best at) was a Night Fury. She was still trying to work out the rest.

She found the Deadly Nadder tricky â€œ the blind spot in the middle of her eyes was irritating. Not to mention that it was difficult to balance her dragon weight on two legs.

She closed her eyes again, and thought of the colourful scales, spikes like trees, wings with hooks, horns on headâ€œ!

When she opened her eyes again, she was disturbed by that black spot in between her eyes, as well as the sudden ability to see behind her.

And her tail!

She swung her tail around in interest, and by accident, struck some spikes at an innocent rock.

Slightly startled, she winced and began her training on being a Deadly Nadder.

\* \* \*

><p>Her muscles complained at the excess training she gave herself that day (not to mention how she lost track of time, and by the time she got back to the village, the villagers had already gone back to their houses), and slumped into the Healer's hut, dumping the satchel of herbs on the table and tiredly looking around to see if there were anyone to tend to.</p>

The room was empty.

\_Great! Time to head home then!\_ She walked back out the door and started her way home, when she saw the glow inside the forge.

\_Huh. Hiccup should be home now.\_ Curious, she peeked in the forge to see if Gobber was there.

Nope.

Quietly opening the door to the tiny backroom her twin brother resided in for work, she found a sleeping Hiccup, snoring lightly on the table with a charcoal pencil still in his hand. There were drawings sprawled all around him, some scrunched up into balls and some pinned on the wall. In front of him was a half finished drawing, which she could not tell what it was due to its complexity.

"Come on, let's get you home." She grunted as she put his arm around her shoulder and half carried him home, noting the half awaken state he was in. She stumbled a few times, grumbling about his increased weight and clumsiness.

Left with no free hands, she shifted her weight to her left leg and kicked the door open, but also careful not to break it. She tried to drag him up the stairs, but soon gave up and set him down on a chair instead.

She jumped when she heard a grumble, and realised that it was from her own stomach.

With a jolt of realisation, she realised that she had not eaten yet, and it was way too late for there to have any food left in the Great Hall. Her mouth scrunched up to one corner. \_Guess I'll have to cook then.\_

Not bothered to prepare for much, she heated water on top of the fire, and dumped anything she could find in the house to the heated water. She groaned when she realised that there was only chicken left in the house, and that meant she had to hunt.

Not that she didn't like hunting, it just took up her dragon time.

\_At least I can use my bow.\_

She heard a moaning from upstairs, and smiled when she recognised the noise.

\* \* \*

><p>Hiccup woke up to find himself in his house.</p>

\_Huh, I thought I was in the forge.\_

He also heard the sound of something boiling, and it smelled \_nice\_.  
\_That means it can't be dad.\_

His eyes lightened up when he figured out that it was Aleda who carried him home (and he was slightly ashamed about it). He got up from the bed, and moaned at his sore arm. \_I should stop sleeping on my table.\_

"Finally woken up, sleepyhead?" Aleda teased as Hiccup walked down the stairs, and handed him a bowl of soup.

"Because of this." He held up his bowl and brought it near his mouth, and hissed at the heat that burned his tongue. "It smells nice."

"Nice? That's all you have?" She stuck her tongue out and blew at her soup, avoiding making the same mistake Hiccup had.

He learnt his lesson as he blew on his soup before bringing it near his mouth and taking a \_tiny\_ sip, so his tongue wouldn't be burnt again. "Your cooking is getting better. You should cook more."

"Tell that to dad. It seems like he never got over that I nearly burned the whole house down three years ago." She chuckled, as they both relived the moment of Aleda's panic, the spilled contents and Hiccup's face in horror.

The door flung open with a force that the twins wondered how it didn't break (especially after Aleda had kicked down the door a few moments ago). Stoick the Vast, their father, appeared at the door, a furious scowl on his face that only faltered slightly at the sight of his children.

"D-dad." Aleda stuttered a little as Stoick sent an unintentional glare at her. She swallowed, her eyes flickered down (although no one else was able to see that) and continued, "I cooked some soup. You must be tired working in the cold." She handed him a bowl, and excused herself as she slipped away and went upstairs with a filled bowl in her hands.

"Hey dad? Maybe you should loosen up on the glare." And proceeded to receive one himself. Hiccup shifted uncomfortably, and in an attempt to break the awkward silence, asked, "So, how was today?"

"As usual." Stoick grunted as he put down the empty bowl, and stood up to leave when he paused, as though he was debating between decisions, "Tell Aleda that her cooking got better." And proceeded to leave the room.

Hiccup let out a breath he did not know he was holding and grinned. Their father complimented her! He couldn't wait to tell his sister, and ran up the stairs.

"Hey Aleda! Dadâ€œ" He abruptly stopped at the sight of his sister sitting on her bed, her expression unknown.

"I know. I heard."

\_Then why does she look like she's sulking?\_

"Did he really say that though?" She looked up, her arms wrapped around her own torso.

"Yeah." Not knowing what else to say, he whispered, "But you're okay, right?"

She laughed a little, "Yeah. I'm okay."

\_No you're not. \_"You know I'll always be here for you, right?" He put his arms around her shoulders, in an attempt to soothe his younger-by-a-minute sister.

"And the same goes for you." He could feel her smiling, even if he couldn't see it. "And don't you ever forget that." She laid her head gently on his shoulder.

They stayed there for a while in silence, each comforting the other without words.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Thanks for supporting The Cloaked Twin Sister, you have no idea how surprised I was when I saw the stats tab... I mean, I don't update frequently (because I don't really have a schedule for this), and yet you guys still support it :D I love you all XD<strong>

\*\*Please comment on any errors and things you don't understand so I can change them! Especially about the characters - I'm always worrying that I write Hiccup out of character, or Aleda's character development is completely horrible.\*\*

\*\*Review Replies for anonymous and guests: (I realize that I'm replying to reviews that are written for chapter 14, so I'll comply this all together when I finally finish rewriting so everyone can see the reviews :D)\*\*

\*\*Dragonfan808: I would love to read it! Except, the place I live blocked Wattpad, so... \*sighs in frustration\*\*\*

\*\*MuchNugget: For now, I'm only rewriting the chapters because I feel like the character development is horrible, and it's too OC centric for my liking XD But thanks for supporting this story :D I don't know if you'll ever read this since you're anonymous and don't get the alerts, but I'll be posting an announcement after I finish rewriting all the chapters and am happy about it.\*\*

\*\*Guest: I'll tell you a secret. I don't know how old Niall is either... \*acts innocent\*\*\*

\*\*Ooooh this is so exciting, I feel like I'm writing this story all over again :D\*\*

\*\*I hope you enjoyed this chapter! I was quite happy with it :D See you in a while :)\*\*

### 3. Birthdays and Fights

\*\*Sorry, this is a day late since I completely forgot to upload it... Heh.\*\*

\*\*I just realised this is kind of an AU. I'll change the summary later.\*\*

\*\*Enjoy and don't hesitate to tell me what's wrong in this chapter :)\*\*

\*\*Disclaimer: I do not own How To Train Your Dragon in the characters in it.\*\*

\* \* \*

><p><span><em>Birthdays and Fights</em>

\* \* \*

><p>The Haddock house was located at the highest point of the entire village, so when the sun peeked in from the window of Hiccup's room, it was already near noon.</p>

And though it was nearly noon, and all the villagers were already hard at work, a boy with dishevelled auburn hair still slept on until the light hit his eyes, in which he only responded with a moan.

And a second later, he jolted up from his bed with wide eyes.

"Shoot! What time is it?" Hiccup turned his head to the bed next to him â€“ empty.

Really, he shouldn't be surprised. His sister was always a morning person, and was most likely outside doing whatever she fancied doing in the woods.

That's right, he knew that his sister wasn't just picking herbs in the woods.

Seriously, how did nobody else notice she was gone for almost an entire afternoon without suspecting that she was doing something else?

But, if she didn't want to tell anyone, then he wouldn't pry into her privacy either.

And why didn't anyone wake him up, damn it?

\_Snap out of it!\_ He rolled his eyes at himself, and scrambled offâ€“

Then proceeded to somehow tumble his way from the bed to the ground.

\_Great. What a wonderful way to start the day.\_

\_You mean, halfway through the day.\_

\_I â€“ Argh! Why am I even talking to myself?\_

Without bothering to eat the plate of food that rested on the table downstairs â€“ \_probably courtesy of dad\_ â€“ he opened the door and ran to the forge.

"Good afternoon! Nice of you to show up five hours late!" Gobber yelled cheerfully as the shape of his thin apprentice (\_and very talented too, \_he thought) appeared around the corner. Hiccup marched in the forge and flung his apron on like he had done it for his entire life, and took the nearest metal to work on.

"You look like you just woke up." Gobber commented while ruffling his hair, which earned him a glare from the auburn-haired boy.

He took Gobber's oversized hand gently and lifted it off his head.  
"Yeah."

"And while you were sleeping, I was waiting for you the whole morning!" Gobber dramatically flailed his arms around, "I was helpless without you!"

"Stop being such a drama queen, Gobber," Hiccup chuckled, "You could've just come and woke me up."

"I was expecting the sun to do the job! That is its job, right?" Gobber, the intimidating and strong blacksmith, stuck his tongue out like a little kid. "Besides, I wouldn't want to interrupt a teenager's sleep, especially their dreams, would I?"

Hiccup blushed and groaned at the same time, "Is this some kind of an excuse for you to start the Talk again?"

"No no no, I never want to experience that ever again." As if on cue, Gobber scooted away from the boy, "Why did I have to be the one anyways?"

"Don't get me started. I think I'm eternally scarred." Hiccup visibly shuddered and winced at the noise when his hammer missed the piece of metal.

"It wasn't that bad, all I did was â€“"

"I don't want to hear about it!" Hiccup hurriedly shouted, and slammed the hammer to the tool with all his strength so if his mentor decided to keep talking, his voice would be drowned out by the metal clanging. "Brings back," \_huff\_, "bad," \_huff\_, "memories."

"Fine." A moment of silence passed between them, and the sound of metal hitting metal reverberated around the forge. "Soâ€| one week, huh?"

"One week till what?" Hiccup looked back, his eyebrow rose in confusion.

"Your birthday." Gobber replied, "It is your birthday in a week, right? Or did I get you confused with Aleda?"

Hiccup gave him a deadpanned glance.

"Oh. Right. Same birthday." Gobber scratched his chin, "Well, aren't you happy for yourself? It is your 14th birthday. One year later and you'll be dragon training."

"I am happy. I'm justâ€¦ worried."

"About what? Don't tell me you suddenly changed your mind when I tried for five whole years!"

"No that's not what I meant," He blinked, "Am I really that bad?"

Gobber nodded.

"Anyways, I'm just worriedâ€¦ would Aleda be in training too?"

"All fifteen-year-olds must participate in dragon training." Gobber stated, but faltered slightly as he started to understand where his apprentice was going.

"B-but," Failing to come up with anything else, he blurted, "She's a girl!"

"And so is Astrid. What's your point?"

Gobber didn't think the thirteen-year-old boy in front of him would â€œ no, could â€œ turn any redder, "I meanâ€¦" He breathed to recollect his thoughts, "I know that my sister is an excellent fighter, butâ€¦"

He sighed, "What if she doesn't want to?"

Gobber glanced off into the distance and fell silent. "You know, I don't think Gothi wants her to go either."

"Huh? What does Gothi have to do with this?"

"The dragon raids are getting worse, Hiccup." Gobber's eyes seemed to darken, "And Gothi's getting very old â€œ not that she isn't, but still. There's only so much she can do by herself. She doesn't think the village can afford to lose a healer for more warriors. But with such a big gap and so little of your generationâ€¦"

Hiccup waited for the next part patiently, but it seemed like Gobber just trailed off. "Andâ€¦?"

Gobber seemed to snap out of his trance and blinked, "We'll have to see what Stoick decides to do. Besides, it's in a year, we can worry about it later." Suddenly, Gobber grinned, "Who knows? Maybe you'll kill a dragon before you even start training!"

Hiccup widened his eye with surprise and frowned. What does me

killing a dragon have to do with whether Aleda goes to dragon training or not?\_

"Are you going to help me fetch my arm or are you just going to stand there?" The older man teased as he watched a startled Hiccup.

After a few seconds, he answered, "Oh, uh, coming!"

\* \* \*

><p>There was something nagging behind Aleda's head as she walked through the streets of Berk at night.</p>

\_Did I miss something important? Is there something important coming up?\_ She thought, and her eyes landed on a baby slung on a woman's back â€“ Ragnhild (who was one of the rare Vikings who did not have a hideous name), she recalled.

Realization dawned on her, and she smacked herself for being so stupidly oblivious. (And received some strange stares as a result.)

\_Of course! It's a week till our birthday!\_

Every year on their birthday, Aleda would cook something special at home as a treat to both her brother and herself. Their father would be too busy to attend, and their motherâ€¦ well, she hadn't really celebrated their birthday since they were born.

But this year, she wanted to do something more. Something special.

She mentally went through a list of what she could get her brother.

\_Jewellery? Wait, guys don't wear jewelleryâ€¦ How about weapons?\_

\_Axe? Nah, too big and heavy. Besides, I don't exactly trust Hiccup with an axeâ€¦\_

\_Sword? Better than an axe, but still too big and sharp and dangerousâ€¦\_

She sighed and walked in the Great Hall, breathing in the scent of food and meat. She took note of the people she saw there â€“ the night was still early, but most of the villagers had already eaten and went home to rest in case a dragon raid happens at night. The soon-to-be teens (except for Snotlout, who was born a month or two earlier than them) all sat in a table, whispering to each other.

Aleda rolled her eyes at their attempt to keep silent, then frowned at the scared and uncertain look on Fishleg's face. She caught Astrid's eyes â€“ in which Aleda could only describe as an expression of exasperation andâ€¦ alarm?

Aleda nodded at the only two people who were sane in that group, and received a silent greeting herself from Astrid, who was also, Hiccup's crush.

She chuckled inaudibly at herself as she recalled the times she teased her brother about it. He turned from a smart-mouthed genius to a stuttering tomato. It gave her immense pleasure that he couldn't do the same to her — there was nobody in the entire village she liked more than an acquaintance or friend.

She swiftly turned her head to the other twins — Ruffnut and Tuffnut — and their snickering faces. Finally, she spotted the black-haired teen that was unfortunately the Haddock's twins' cousin — Snotlout — and saw that wide grin that guaranteed that he was up to no good.

With a shake of her head, Aleda took a plate of food and retreated to her usual corner where she can eat in peace, away from whatever those youths were going to do.

While she quietly ate her plate of food, careful not to reveal her face while she did, her ears picked up on the incoming footsteps.

They were not Hiccup's, she could tell. His were light and almost silent. These were heavy, though she could tell that person was trying to be as quiet as possible.

\_Hah. This person will have to work on their stealth skills.\_ She thought.

With a swift motion, she snatched her hood and yanked it forward, then turned around to face her guest.

In front of her, stood a very shocked Snotlout. Behind him, the twins cackled and said, "Busted!"

"What do you think you're doing?" She made sure to show anger in her eyes.

"Nothing." His eyes darted everywhere but her.

"You're trying to peek into my hood. Again."

"— No?"

"You're lying."

"Fine! I am lying. But I'm not lying when I say that everyone wants to know what you hide under that stupid cloak of yours."

"That's none of your business." She turned around, signalling the conversation was over. Snotlout, however, had other ideas.

"What, are you too cowardly to show yourself?" Aleda flinched at that word.

"Hmm, nothing to say? Are you just too afraid to admit," She flinched again at that word, "that you're just another ugly— weakling, like your brother Hiccup?"

Something snapped inside her as she struggled to remain in control of her own body. She endured all the insults thrown at her — but to

say that her twin brother was a weakling was not okay!

She gritted her teeth and turned around to give him a piece of her mind when she unmistakably heard Hiccup's voice.

"Speak for yourself, Snotlout! You're just an idiotic and arrogant bully!" He shouted, and the entire hall turned to look at him.

Snotlout turned his head around to Hiccup, a small figure at the door of the Great Hall. And through her hood, Aleda saw the bulk teen smirk.

Damn it, Hiccup! Why do you have to keep putting yourself in dangerous positions?!

Her instincts yelled at her to run to her brother, to keep him safe and away from their cousin, who was closing the distance between him and Hiccup. Her feet followed her instincts, and she mildly felt her cloak flying behind her. Something in her head told her that her hood might fall off any second, but she couldn't care less. Her brother was in danger!

And she was just in time, too.

She slid in front of Snotlout as his hand formed into a fist, and pushed Hiccup backwards. "You wouldn't." She hissed.

"Are you challenging me?" Snotlout's grin widened even more. Hiccup wondered how his face wasn't in spasm already, and felt himself pushed backwards again by his sister.

"Yes. I'm challenging you." Something inside Aleda roared, and she struggled to keep control again.

Now is not the time to lose control! Especially not in front of the villagers!

His arm moved, and his fist swung from his side, aimed to collide to her face. Aleda brought up her hand to the outside of his forearm and pushed it downwards. Snotlout stumbled slightly as she shifted his balance.

Snotlout blinked in surprise, but quickly recovered to bring his other arm to punch his opponent, this time straight from his chest. In turn, she swatted his arm away from the inside.

He quickly found an opening between Aleda's arms. With as much strength as he could muster, he brought his knee up and collided it to her stomach.

She gasped and fell to the ground, having not expected the sudden move. The ground made a sickening noise as her head crashed into the floor. She could hear Hiccup's voice, calling for her name.

No. I will not lose to this moron.

As he loomed over her to deliver a blow, she kicked her feet to his knee. He yelped in pain, and she took the opportunity to swing her leg in between his feet and rolled sideways, sending him tumbling to

the floor. Not giving him a chance to breath, she slammed her elbow into his stomach.

She stood up shakily and moved her hand underneath his head. "Next time you try to hurt my brother," Her hand tightened into a fist, "This fist will collide into your lovely face, and I guarantee it will make a bruise. Do I make myself clear?"

Snotlout clenched his teeth together but nodded under her glare. Aleda stood up to move towards Hiccup, when her head spun and throbbed.

She blinked several times, and fell onto the floor as she slipped out of consciousness.

#### 4. Concussion

\*\*Chapter 3! What will happen to Aleda?\*\*

\*\*Reviews Replies:\*\*

\*\*Guest: I tend to jump around tenses a lot (my teachers had to always point that out in my essays or stories), thanks for reminding me! I'll try to not jump around them as often.\*\*

\*\*Freddy: Wow, thanks! I never really though anyone would love this story :D Thanks.\*\*

\*\*And for those who followed or "favourited" my story, thanks a lot! It really means a lot to me when someone does that :D \*\*

\*\*And I forgot to put Disclaimers in all the earlier chapters. It will be on there now and here is the Disclaimer.

>Disclaimer - I do not own How To Train Your Dragon and the characters in it.<strong>

\*\*Sorry for not updating at my usual time :/ My internet decided to be a poop and load everything in snail speed.\*\*

\*\*Anyways, here's Chapter 3! Enjoy!\*\*

\* \* \*

><p><em>Chapter 3 - Concussion<em>

Hiccup's POV

As Snotlout closed in on me, I realised what he was going to do. His fist held high and came straight for my face. I closed my eyes and braced for the pain that would come next. The pain never came, but I heard bones breaking. I opened my eyes to see Aleda in front of me, her hand was blocking Snotlout's fist, and winced. The bones breaking sound must have been from her hand! I was shocked and paralysed in fear. Before I knew it, Aleda pushed me to the side and sent me tumbling to the floor. By the time I stood up, I saw Snotlout's fist in Aleda's stomach and she was falling. I instinctively yelled her name, and started to run towards her. Then, she swung her legs under Snotlout and tripped him that sent him toppling to the floor. Aleda landed on his stomach, held a fist near his face and said something I

couldn't hear. I stopped and found myself grinning at the scene. Snotlout beaten, on the floor! It was a wonderful sight. That was until Aleda headed for the door and suddenly collapsed.

There was a loud "bang" from Aleda's head hitting the floor. There was no movement from her. "Aleda!" I yelled and sprinted to her. She lied on the floor, unconscious, and I knew I had to get her to the Healer. But how? I tried to think back to those times when Aleda carried me home from the blacksmith. I was getting close to the Healer's Hut when Gothi came out with a confused expression. Then she saw me. Her eyes widened and she helped to get Aleda. She then shooed me out of the hut and I was left facing the door.

\* \* \*

><p>Different emotions swelled up from my heart. Tears were falling down my cheeks and I was blaming myself. Why didn't I go and protect her when she needed it? It also dawned on me that Aleda was unconscious, and since I couldn't see her face under the hood, she might not make it. I know that her hand is broken, and if her hand broke from the contact of Snotlout's fist, then her stomachâ€| I gasped for air and tried not to think of the possibility. Aleda is my twin sisterâ€| I can't let anything happen to her. I mentally punched myself for not being a good brother.</p>

I didn't notice the moon was rising, and I certainly did not notice my dad's footsteps when he stomped up the Healer's Hut and opened the door without knocking. He wore an angry expression, but no hint of worry. So he was angry with Aleda, but not even a little worried? I felt anger rising up in my body. Before I could stand up and defend for Aleda, Gothi came out of the door and pushed him away from the hut. His angry face turned into a confused expression, only to be whacked by Gothi's stick and sent outside. Gothi is one of those elders that can stun my dad and make him listen to her. Her eyes caught mine, and she gestured for me to go in.

\* \* \*

><p>Once inside, I could see Aleda on a bed. I ran towards her and heard her shallow breathing. Relief swelled inside me and before I could stop myself, I embraced her in a hug. Gothi separated me and gave me a glare. I noticed that she was wincing. Her cloak was still on, but her wincing was enough to tell me that she is in pain. I mentally slapped myself for putting her in pain. Gothi gestured to me, then to her. She went off afterwards, leaving us on our own.</p>

I sat next to her, leaning against her good hand (the other one was wrapped in bandage since it was broken). I whispered to her, "You better wake up, sleepyhead. You're scaring me. I can't lose you." After a minute, I heard a grumble from her. She was waking up! "Aleda! Are you okay?" I said, both happily and worriedly.

She pulled me close to her and mumbled, "Yes I am. I'm not that easily defeated." I chuckled at her response. She tried to sit up, but I kept her down. She tried to push against me, but I held her down.

"You need to rest, young lady. You might've got a concussion from falling." I said, and pulled the blankets up to her chin.

She still resisted, and whined irritably while playfully, "You can't judge if I've got a concussion! I'm the healer here! And plus, I'm only 2 minutes younger than you, so you have no right to call me a young lady!" I laughed at her last response.

"You need to stay here and rest, okay?" I said to her. I looked out the window and realised I should probably start going home. "I'll come and see you tomorrow morning." I stood up, readied to go, though I desperately wanted to stay behind and look after her.

Aleda grabbed my hand, and I looked back to her. "Stay with me, please?" She pleaded. I was surprised by the request, but I nodded and sat on the chair next to the bed again. "Thank you." She whispered, barely making a sound. I smiled at her. I watched her chest rise and fall evenly, and eventually a gentle snore. If I could see her face, I would guess that she would have a peaceful look. Seeing her asleep, I felt calmer. Leaning on her good arm, I closed my eyes and slowly slipped into sleep.

\* \* \*

><p>Aleda's POV</p>

I woke up and noticed it was already afternoon, judging by the sun. I saw a note next to me, written in Hiccup's handwriting:

To Aleda,

I've just gone out for some lunch. I haven't eaten all day and stayed beside you but Gothi insisted I had to go and eat something. You were sleeping all day! I haven't really seen you sleep for such a long time before. I'll be back before you know it!

- Hiccup

I sighed at the note, glad that Hiccup has stayed with me, but also worried that he hadn't eaten a thing because of me! I lifted my hand but a shock of pain sprung up my spine. I grimaced and looked at my hand. It was all bandaged, indicating it's broken. I struggled to think about what happened before, but my head was so dizzy, I couldn't think straight. My vision was all blurry and fuzzy, and I flinched at the noise of the creaking door.

Gothi walked in and I didn't move at all. I felt nauseated and felt like if I made another move I would vomit all over the floor. Maybe I did have a concussion after all. Gothi walked in front of me and looked at me. "I'm okay," I replied, "but I might have a concussion or something. It'll go away in a few hours." Gothi threw me a questioning look and then made a face. I realised my mistake, "I meant, I think I'll be okay in a few hoursâ€| or daysâ€|" She gave me an even more doubting look. "Okay! This may last for months and I may not be okay after that!" She gave me an approved look and walked away. Just because I'm an apprentice to a healer, doesn't mean I can't make mistakesâ€| right?

"Gothi?" She turned back to me. "Thank you for treating me." I said. She nodded. Then it hit me. If Gothi treated me, she would've took off my cloak andâ€| "Wait! Did youâ€| see meâ€| withoutâ€| the cloak?" I asked. Gothi looked back at me and nodded. I gasped. That

meansâ€| thatâ€| sheâ€| she would've seen the scales! She knew my secret! She must've seen my shocked expression because she then took a bag of sand and sprayed it on the floor. She was writing on it with her staff. After she was finished, I looked at her writing. Gobber, Fishlegs and I are the only ones that are able to read Gothi's writing, or rather, drawings. Sometimes we misunderstand them though, and she'll hit us with her staff. "\_Don't worry, I won't tell anyone. Your secret is safe with me. I won't judge you for who you areâ€|" I read out loud. I looked back towards her and said, "Thank you, Gothi." She gave me a reassuring smile and walked away.

I heard the door creak again. I shuddered at the noise â€“ probably a side effect from the concussion. I saw Hiccup withâ€| a bowl of berries? He walked closer and saw me sitting up. "Aleda! You're awake!" His eyes lit up and walked quickly. He gave me a quick hug, and sat down with the bowl of berries. I craned my neck before Gothi came walking towards me and pushed me back on my bed. Her glare seemed to say, "\_Stop moving around. You need to rest.\_" I frowned. After Gothi had walked away, I started craning my neck again towards the bowl of berries. Hiccup chuckled and pushed my head back. He then slowly sat me up so I didn't look too awkward and hurt myself. "Like Gothi indicated, stop moving around! That means no craning your neck!" He picked up some berries from the bowl and started eating them. Didn't he just eat lunch?

I growled, and at the last attempt of trying to get a glimpse of the berries, Hiccup laughed and handed the bowl of berries to me, "You really can't resist them, can you?" I grabbed handfuls of the berries and shoved them into my mouth. I exaggerated, made a noise licking my lips and smacked them. He laughed even more now, and was at the edge of falling off his chair. I laughed at his clumsiness. Suddenly, I felt my head spinning and the next thing I knew, I was vomiting on the floor. Hiccup immediately stopped laughing and screamed for Gothi. "Aleda! Are you okay? It's the berries Oh no, oh noâ€|" Hiccup rambled on. I wish I could tell him that it wasn't the berries â€“ it was just the stupid concussion. But with the vomit coming out of my mouth, it was really hard to say anything through it.

Gothi came and put a bucket between my hands. She then proceeded to mop the floor. Hiccup instantly said and lowered his head, "I'm so sorry Gothi, I didn't know those berries would make her sickâ€|" Gothi whacked him to get his attention and shook her head. Hiccup looked confused. I finally stopped vomiting and managed to get some words out. "Itâ€| wasn'tâ€| yourâ€| faultâ€| Stupidâ€| concussionâ€|" I choked.

Hiccup's confused look turned into a concerned one. "Then you need to rest." He helped me lay down on the bed. I was tuned out after a few minutes.

\* \* \*

><p>When I woke up, Hiccup was still beside me. He was drawing something in his notebook. I was about to try and have a look when I remembered to not crane my neck. Frustrated, I darted my eyes around the notebook, desperately trying to find out what he was drawing. I could make out the words "birth" and "gift". Birth giftâ€| Birthday gift? He was drawing an idea of a birthday gift for me? I suppose it was a surprise, so I didn't try to take another look. Then it hit me â€“ 6 more days till our birthday and I still haven't figured out

what to give to him! Not to mention making it! I cussed under my breath at my concussion and hoped it would go away soon.<p>

Hiccup's head perked up. "Did you say something?" He said. I shook my head. He closed his notebook and looked at me expectantly. His hearing was better and he probably knew that I said something.

I gave up. "It's justâ€¢ the stupid concussion. I can't get anything done with this! I don't want to be lying in bed during our birthday! I still have to cook a meal!" I complained.

Hiccup just smiled and replied, "It's okay, I'm sure I can survive not eating your meals. And if you want to get better, you need to sleep more and stop being in such a mood so you can recover better." How did he know what's good and bad for a concussion? Did I tell him that orâ€¢

"But it's a tradition! Or, kind of like one." I protested. I still needed to work on that gift!

"Go to bed, Aleda." Hiccup smiled at me, "I promise you'll not be in bed for our birthday. I'll lift you if it is necessary."

"Like if you can." I giggled, and added, "By the way, I'm already in bed." He gave me one final smile before I obeyed him and closed my eyes. I felt his head against my arm and I smiled. Hiccup really is a great brother and friend. No, scrap that, he's perfect, no matter what other people think.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>If you haven't already noticed, Aleda's favourite food is berries â€“ any kind of berries. :P<strong>

\*\*Tell me what I need to improve on :D And please point out my grammar mistakes. And I realised I write a lot of sentences with passive voice... Oh well.\*\*

\*\*Once again, thank you to all the readers out there :D I appreciate it. Thanks!\*\*

## 5. I Don't Deserve To Be His Sister

\*\*Wow! 6 followers and 5 favourites! :D I love you guys.\*\*

\*\*Cheesy and mouthful title, I know. But I couldn't think of anything else... Suggestions? :P\*\*

\*\*And I spent 2 days editing this to make sure there are no tense jumping and the grammar is correct. :/ If there are still mistakes, please point them out!\*\*

\*\*A shout out to my friends - Thanks for reading this :D Especially Pri\*\*\*\*\* (Censored to protect her identity, unless she wants me to show her full name, hehe) since she was actually the one that encouraged me to write this and publish it, and she kind of is my beta reader since she gets to see it before anyone does :3 Please don't be jealous. :P\*\*

\*\*In this chapter, it will be revealed what Hiccup was planning on giving to Aleda, and a hint of what Aleda would be making. :D Enjoy!\*\*

\*\*Disclaimer: I do not own How To Train Your Dragon or the characters in it.\*\*

\* \* \*

><p><em>Chapter 4 â€“ I Don't Deserve To Be His Sister<em>

Aleda's POV

I woke up to a new day. This time, I woke up at my usual time. Maybe the concussion was getting better! Hiccup was still sleeping by my side, and I tried to sit up without waking him. I felt dizzy, and decided against doing that. I lured myself back to sleep by counting Hiccup's breaths. By the time I got to 264, I was asleep.

\* \* \*

><p>I woke up again, and the sun was rising on its top point. It was noon! Hiccup was beside me, drawing again. I nudged him with my good arm, though my injured hand was actually healing well. Gothi said it wasn't really a huge break, just a small one. And the healing speed of my body is actually very quick, thanks to the fact that I can turn into a dragon. Hiccup stopped drawing and looked at me.</p>

"Go and get some lunch Hiccup, you haven't eaten for such a long time." I urged him. Really, he didn't eat anything last night, and I doubt that he went to get anything for breakfast today. I don't want him any thinner than he already is.

"Butâ€|" Hiccup started. I silenced him with my finger. He pushed it away and said, "Fine. But under one condition."

"What condition?" I asked, wondering what Hiccup would want from me.

"I'll get your lunch and you'll have to eat it." I then realised how long I have went without eating proper food. It was always some herb soup that smells like yak dung or some soothing soup. My stomach seemed to growl in response to that.

"I think my stomach just agreed." I laughed. He flashed a toothy grin and ran out to get lunch.

"I'll be back before you know it!" He shouted while going out of the door. I smiled at his behaviour. Speaking of behaviours, I was actually not that dizzy anymore. I tried to sit up slowlyâ€| waited for the dizzinessâ€| waited for the nauseaâ€| it never came. I grinned at my triumph, and for the first time in 2 days, I placed my feet down on the ground. It felt weird to be standing as I started to wobble. I tried to walk, but my balance seemed to be out of sync. I sighed and went back to bed, since hitting my head while falling from not being able to walk would just worsen my situation. Maybe I can try again tomorrowâ€| but I only have 4 days till our birthday! I was really running out of time.

An idea popped in my head. What if I had a staff I could hold on to

when I can't balance well enough? We have those in the Healer's hut! I slowly walked, holding on to anything that helps me balance, and opened the cabinet that was filled with staffs. I tried one of them, but one was not enough to help me balance properly. Maybe if I make something like a portable table, it'll work! I took 8 staffs about the same length and grabbed some rope that I always bring with me in my cloak. You'll never know if you need any. I paused, knowing that roping these staffs up was precise work, and that would need high concentration. And I shouldn't be concentrating hard when my concussion is healing. I made a face, knowing that asking Gothi would mean staying in bed for months and boring monitoring. I had another idea. I could always take breaks right?

I started out with 2 staffs. Luckily, I've been tying things up with ropes since I was five, it doesn't require much concentration. I already tied up 4 of them when I decided I need a break. Even though I didn't feel like it, I still reckoned I need one. Better be safe than sorry.

After a little break, I tied up the other 4 to the square I made earlier. I attempted to make it stand by itself, and it worked! I squealed at my success. I put the stand aside and after a few seconds, Hiccup walked in with lunch.

The smell of food was so overwhelming that I didn't notice I was starting to drool. "They've got cabbage soup today. And a rare yak steak!" Hiccup announced my lunch. He handed me the meal on a tray and I dug in the food. I noticed my hood threatening to fall off so I yanked it back on.

Hiccup must've accidentally saw some parts of my face because he said, "Maybe I should uh, go outside for a while! I mean, it's a great weather!" The cold wind howled through the windows, sending shivers down my spine. I realised he saw some of my face but he didn't look anything close to shocked, just embarrassed, so I don't think he saw the scaly part. Yes, I'm usually mad at people intentionally looking at my hood, and I'm pretty scared about it. But this is Hiccup we're talking about here, he never tried to peek, and he even apologised even though it's not his fault! and Hiccup is a smart boy, he'll find out sooner or later. I just have to hope that he won't tell anyone.

"Yeah, \_great\_ weather!" I commented sarcastically. "It's okay Hiccup, you don't have to leave the hut. Maybe you can sit over there to draw!" I pointed at a table. I usually used that table but Hiccup can use it for now. His eyes lit up at the word "draw" and walked towards the table. He opened his notebook and started to draw with his charcoal pencil. Meanwhile, I dug into the food again. The yak steaks were really good, and I'm very lucky to have been able to eat it the Great Hall rarely cooks it, and when they do, it's delicious. I've learnt the recipe to it, but I could never get a yak of this quality. After the meal, I noticed a small cup of berries in it. Hiccup must've specifically ordered this for me. Hiccup is such a nice person! I don't deserve to be his sister.

Every time I think like that, Hiccup would look at me. Yes, he couldn't see my face, but he could sense it when I feel like that. As usual, Hiccup swung around and looked at me. I lowered my head. "No! No, Aleda. We've been through this a million times. You're not a bad person! In fact, I need you. If you're gone! I don't know

what I would do." I stayed silent. "Aledaâ€œ Pleaseâ€œ don't think like thatâ€œ" I looked at him, his eyes were filling up with tears, and so were mine, but he couldn't see that. He hugged me, and whispered, "You are the best friend I've ever had. Please don't feel like you're nothing."

\* \* \*

><p>Hiccup's POV</p>

Aleda immediately dug into her lunch. She must be really hungry after two days of just drinking herbs and soups. I almost laughed at her behaviour when I saw a glimpse of her face when her hood was slightly unadjusted. Her emerald green eyes were lighter, but yet deeper than when I first saw it. There were hints of freckles, but not as much as mine. She had the same auburn hair like 5-6 years ago, but this time it was in a braid. When I looked at her face, I saw myself, except as a girl. Do we really look \_that\_ alike?

I realised what I just did, and I was ashamed. I should've turned away when I noticed her hood was unadjusted. Instead I went and study her features? What were you thinking Hiccup? I stuttered to Aleda, "Maybe I should uh, go outside for a while! I mean, it's a great weatherâ€œ" The freezing wind howled and I shivered under the cold.

"Yeah, \_great\_ weatherâ€œ" Aleda replied sarcastically. "It's okay Hiccup, you don't have to leave the hut. Maybe you can sit overâ€œ thereâ€œ to draw!" My head jerked up at the word "draw". Yes, I could draw! I was working on some ideas on what to give to Aleda. Something that fits her but not so she has to hide it all the time. A necklace is tooâ€œ hidden. And I'm not really that good at making jewelleries anyways. I'm good at making details thoughâ€œ I was actually thinking of making her a better cloak with more details and protection to it. Though I'm not sure that she'll take it, since she has worn hers sinceâ€œ since I can remember it. I was also thinking of something to secure her hood so it wouldn't be too exposed.

I already have an idea of what I'm going to do and had drawn the idea of the cloak. It would have some metal inside to protect the weakest parts of the body. I know where these are since I've been hit so many times in those places by either Snotlout, the other twins, and sometimes Astrid. The embedding of the cloak would be the same colour as the cloak and decorated by different patterns. I was going to change the cloak's colour to a darker shade of purple, a shade nearing black, but not completely. There would be a band to secure the hood. I've never really seen Aleda's face before, but I'm quite sure her eyes shows most of her emotions. I sometimes sense her frustration when people just couldn't understand her emotions through her voice. She's also sensitive to someone's touch, so maybe if I add something like a glove that can be wore optionally, that would be perfect. I finished my design, just labelling some additional parts to it when I felt Aleda is thinking that she's a nobody again. Honestly, I think I'm the one not deserved to be her brother. I don't even do a good job being one and I'm constantly proved useless.

Aleda lowered her head. "Noâ€œ No, Aleda. We've been through this a million times." I pleaded with her, "You're not a bad person! In fact, I need you. If you're goneâ€œ I don't know what I would do." My

throat was swelling up from the memories when I nearly thought she was dead, "Aledaâ€œ! Pleaseâ€œ! don't think like thatâ€œ!" Aleda looked back up towards me. My eyes were filling with tears. My sister was feeling like she's nothing and yet I can't do much about it but say no! I hugged her, and whispered, "You are the best friend I've ever had. Please don't feel like you're nothing."

\* \* \*

><p>Aleda's POV</p>

After hugging each other for a while, Hiccup decided to go out to the blacksmith. When I asked him what he is trying to make, he said it was a secret and it was supposed to be a surprise. He promised to be back at night and I waved goodbye. I checked for my surroundings and wrote a note to Gothi and Hiccup in case I don't come back in time.

\_To Gothi,\_

\_Hiccup said he was going to show me something really cool. I couldn't resist! I'll be back some time at night and I promise not to do anything stupid or anything that could cause me another concussion. Trust me on this one? Please?\_

\_Aleda\_

\_ To Hiccup,\_

\_Just went out for a little walk. I was getting stirred crazy stuck in this hut for days! If you happen to see Gothi, tell her that I'm with you. I don't want to get in trouble for going for a little walkâ€œ! I'll be back before you know it!\_

\_Aleda\_

After I wrote the notes, I took some supplies, my stand and started to walk to the woods directly behind the Healer's Hut. So far my stand was working, and I could feel my balance coming back to me. Soon enough in the woods, I was able to walk on my own without stumbling over, but still pretty slow. As I walked into my favourite place, my secret cove, I felt the smell of grass against my skin. It was a natural thing for me to put aside my cloak and turn into a Night Fury. I hesitated, since I had no idea whether that would make my concussion worse. There is only one way to find out.

I felt my senses sharpened and my feelings lessened. The faint symptoms of the concussion were nothing. I took in the air around me and filled my lungs. It was a great feeling to be a dragon again. Since I didn't want to make my situation worse than it was, I decided against flying and just simply rolled on the grass. It was actually very comfortable, and soothing too. I looked at the sky and could tell that the sun would start to set in about an hour. It was time to go back to the Healer's hut. I turned back into a human and put on my cloak again. Grabbing my supplies, I noticed my scales on the grass. It was the shedding season for dragonsâ€œ! It looked like unique jewels, but it was a Night Fury's scaleâ€œ! An idea popped into my head. Why didn't I think of this earlier? Something unique, yet identical! My scales were perfect! I have so many of them, yet they are all unique! I put down my things and turned back into a Night

Fury. I kept rolling on the grass until there was a sufficient amount of them to be able to make it into anything. I turned back to my human form, gathered my scales and put it in my bag, and then started walking back to the hut.

I had to keep reminding myself not to run, because I know it would just make the concussion worse. By the time I reached the hut, the sun was already setting. Luckily, both of the notes were untouched. That meant neither Gothi nor Hiccup knew I was out! I put down my bag in the corner, cleaned myself up to leave no trace of evidence that I was in the woods. I slipped into bed, and fall asleep almost immediately.

\* \* \*

><p>Hiccup's POV</p>

After saying goodbye to Aleda, I headed to the blacksmith with my gift to Aleda completely constructed in my notebook. First I would need leather and cloth. And the lightest metal I could find. I used myself to measure the sizes for the cloak, since Aleda and I have similar body shapes. I created the insides of the cloak, where some would be covered in metal, and some leather. The leather parts will have little pockets in them so Aleda can carry some stuff around. When I've done the size and the insides of the cloak, the sun was already setting. I quickly put the things aside and ran towards the Great Hall to get Aleda's dinner and mine.

When I walked in the Healer's Hut, Aleda was sleeping peacefully on the bed. Her gentle snoring made me resist waking her up. I decided to not wake her up until I finished eating. I was half way through eating dinner when I heard Aleda sniff. Then her stomach growled. I laughed and handed her the dinner. She immediately dug in again. This time I looked away since I know the hood would be unadjusted again. I should do something to not let that happen in the new cloak.

We finished dinner in silence since Aleda was very hungry, and I was just simply enjoying it. We both finished at the same time. I wondered where Gothi is. A sudden question slipped out of my mouth, "Do you think it's a good idea if your cloak covers all of you but your eyes?" As soon as I said it, I regretted it. I'm not sure if she was going to feel offended.

She must be in a good mood today, because she wasn't offended. "You mean, a cloak like the one I wear now, except it can seal the hood off and people are able to see my eyes all the time, like a normal person?" She asked with a curious tune. I nodded, and she seemed to think for a while. "I guess that would be a pretty cool idea. It would be great to have people to stop peeking in my hood, and yet I can communicate with them easier since they can read my eyesâ€|. That would actually be amazing." So I was right, she does show most of her emotions through her eyesâ€| and she actually liked the idea of it! In return, she asked me a question as well, "If you're allowed to choose any kind of weapons that you can bring around all the time, what would it be?"

I thought about it for a moment. I can't swing a hammer, I can't lift an axe, I can't throw things, I can't aim, not to mention my horrible bow and arrow skillsâ€|. A sword would be pretty nice, actually, but I can barely hold those even with both of my armsâ€|. A knife would be

perfect. "Probably a knife. Or a mini sword." I replied, shrugging my shoulders. The conversation ended briefly and we were both watching the moon rise. I soon fell asleep against her hand.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Naughty Aledaâ€| hehe.<strong>

\*\*That should give you an idea of what Hiccup and Aleda are making for their birthday and a little more exploration on Hiccup and Aleda's relationship. Please tell me if I'm out of character. I try to reduce the numbers of Hiccup hugging his sister since I can't really imagine Hiccup hugging anyone but Toothless.\*\*

\*\*And I'm sorry if Toothless is not in the first few (Ahem, probably more than few) chapters since this is before the movie. I promise to put more Toothless in when I get into the movie!\*\*

\*\*I usually just write stories when I have an idea or inspiration and I never follow an outline. So if I see an idea that is better than mine, I'd probably use it. So no promises on how the story will end! :P\*\*

\*\*And I will most likely not be posting anymore chapters for the next few days - I have about 3 tests coming up :/ And I'm getting Writer's Block - I have no inspiration (As I said above, I need inspiration or a mood for writing if I am to write. Sorry if I don't update as often as before D:). Gah! Maybe I'll write more in Spring Break, but most likely I'll be lazy and read. If inspiration hits me, I'll stop doing homework and write. Hehe.\*\*

\*\*Again, please tell me what I can improve on! This is actually my very first fanfiction (Note: I've never written a fanfiction before. Not even for other stories, so, heh.) and sometimes I forget stuff that needs to be put into a fanfiction. For example, how I forgot to add disclaimers until yesterday? That was a little stupid of me. Whoops.\*\*

\*\*I hope you enjoyed Chapter 4! And this is still a year away from the movie, so don't expect Toothless to jump out of nowhere!  
:P\*\*

## 6. Stoick the Vast

\*\*7 followers! I love you guys!\*\*

\*\*Sorry for not updating for a long time. I just didn't have inspiration. I had the inspiration for this when I was about to sleep. And I went ahead and typed up the first few paragraphs for this. :D\*\*

\*\*Review Replies:

><strong>\*\*Guest: (Forgive me, I have a limit amount of knowledge in Spanish since I've only learnt it for 3 years and we just keep repeating what we learnt... I'll say it in English since my Spanish is terrible. I'll assume you understand English since you can read my story...) I don't think I'll ever be able to go to Venezuela (unfortunately...) but it'd be great if you can make an Aleda! Just draw how you think Aleda looks like. And I finally updated this

chapter! Yay! :D\*\*

\*\*I decided to write about Stoick and how he felt about Hiccup and Aleda. He deserves a chapter. This is kind of a filler and I didn't really bother with grammar on this chapter since I don't know how to change it anyways. I promise the next chapter would be longer than this. :D\*\*

\*\*Another cheesy title... Sorry...\*\*

\*\*And I updated the cover picture of this story - a basic idea of what Aleda looks like in her cloak. I didn't exactly had the original idea of it. I took someone else's idea and drew my own (with Illustrator! I'm proud of myself for being able to use it) version of it.\*\*

\*\*Enjoy!\*\*

\*\*Disclaimer: I do not own How To Train Your Dragon or the characters in it.\*\*

\* \* \*

><p><em>Chapter 5 - Stoick the Vast<em>

Third Person's POV

Stoick was worried.

That's right. Stoick the Vast was worried. That was after his rage though. And his worry was soon swept behind his mind while he was busy with the village.

Stoick was just taking a break from a village meeting when someone told him that his daughter was sent to the Healer's Hut for picking a fight. A normal father would be worried, anxious and distressed. Stoick, however, only felt anger and rage. The villagers all looked at him with disbelief. He only felt enraged by the fact that his daughter picked a fight, injured and he was the one humiliated and embarrassed.

In fact, he was so angry with his daughter that he forgot that she was unconscious. He marched up the Healer's Hut, expected to walk straight in the door and shout at Aleda for such a stupid decision. That was when Gothi came out and whacked him to get him out. To add to his confusion, she invited Hiccup in. Stoick was even more confused.

Stoick was worried. But he wouldn't admit it. When his anger had faded, he started to think about the situation. Was he supposed to be angry because his daughter got hurt and picked a fight, or was he supposed to be happy because Aleda actually, well, fought against Snotlout?

Yet he was distracted, again. As the Chief of the village, he had a lot on his plate to care about his children. For three days, he did not realise that his son was not sleeping under his roof. For three days, he did not realise Hiccup's disappearance. Of course, he didn't realise that his children's birthday was coming up. In fact, he never did. He was simply too busy.

That doesn't mean he didn't care for them. He loved them, deeply, but he never showed it the right way. Or sometimes he would think, "Why couldn't I have normal Viking children?" Sometimes he would tell himself how they reminded him of his wife, Valka. Though he acts the opposite of caring, Stoick loved them. It's just that nobody knows. Not even his children.

\* \* \*

><p>Stoick never understood why his wife insisted that his daughter had to wear a cloak at all times. He loved the children, though they were not like normal Viking children. He tried to teach them to fish but they always doze off or went hunting for trolls. He still loved them, though. When Valka was gone, Stoick began to put his grief into his work, burying it by working hard. By doing that, he ignored Hiccup and Aleda, and their relationships drifted apart day by day.</p>

Though Stoick and his children shared a terrible relationship, he made sure to say goodbye to them every time he went to search the dragon's nest. He tried his best to keep danger out of their way, but they always disobey him and attract all kinds of danger. And every time he scolded them. At the start, he would drag them to a house and scold them privately, but as time went by, he would scold them in front of the village, and he never knew the humiliation they received.

Throughout the years, he sighed over and over when his son messed up. One day, Hiccup will take over Stoick's spot as a Chief, but Hiccup certainly didn't act like one. Strangely, Stoick never really thought about Aleda. Maybe because she usually blended in the background, not wanting to be noticed. Or maybe because of the lack of her interactions with other people since she was usually in the Healer's Hut or in the woods.

Stoick didn't even know his children's favourites. Sure, he might've seen Aleda digging into cups of berries, or Hiccup's delighted expression when he sees jam, but he never had the time to stop and think about it. He never really had the time to appreciate it when Aleda cooks, or when Hiccup creates a perfect sword.

He simply didn't have time.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>I hope you enjoyed this! I know it's shortâ€| and the grammar is probably terrible as well. : Forgive me. And hey, I wrote this at the weekends, the days where it is the busiest for me! And the amount of other fanfictions I read is all updating now, and I simply had to read them. They're too good. :D\*\*

\*\*I had to cut some paragraphs out since it would give away the ending (or supposed ending, since my mind can change in any second). Don't worry, these paragraphs would be saved and put into other chapters. Hehe.\*\*

\*\*At some part in the story, I'll have to add some kind of romance. I'm sorry if you don't like romance. You'll see why I have to when I reach the ending.\*\*

\*\*I'm halfway through Chapter 6! Woohoo!\*\*

\*\*Thanks again to those who read my stories and those who bothered to follow and fav me. Really, thanks. :D\*\*

## 7. How To Make A Sword

\*\*Aleda's finally out of bed! (Well, if you don't count that time she snuck out!) More exploration in the relationship between Hiccup and Aleda. Last chapter's pretty depressed! Enjoy the cheerfulness in this chapter!\*\*

\*\*Review Replies:

><strong>

\*\*Devisnacho: Sorry about that :/ I hope this chapter will cheer you up though! :D\*\*

\*\*the dragon: I know right? Stoick is terrible at balancing between his work and time with his family :/ I guess it's not surprising that Hiccup and Aleda gets sad or angry at times when Stoick seems to only be mad at them. But he's a great man -- he just needs to know how to communicate with his children and how to manage some time with them.\*\*

\*\*Anyways, enjoy!\*\*

\*\*EDIT: ARGH! I forgot the disclaimer again! Here it is:

>Disclaimer: I do not own How To Train Your Dragon and the characters in it.<strong>

\* \* \*

><p><em>Chapter 6 -- How To Make A Sword<em>

Aleda's POV

I woke up to a sleeping Hiccup and an inspecting Gothi. I watched her nodding at my wounds and finally looked at me. She instructed me to do some simple actions like turning my head. She then told me to walk. I stood up, carefully not to wake Hiccup, and did what she told me to.

After a few instructions, Gothi started scratching in the sand with her staff. It said, "It seems like your concussion is better. You're allowed to do physical actions now. But take it slowly." I read it five times to make sure I didn't misread it.

There was a moment of silence, and then I broke it by shouting, "YES! FREEDOM!" That seemed to have startled Hiccup and he stirred. He rubbed his eyes and yawned. Then he noticed the empty bed and turned to face me.

"Oh hey! You're awake! And you're out of bed?" Hiccup said, confused.

"Yes! Gothi said I'm allowed to get out of bed and do some physical

actions now! I can't wait to get out there for some fresh air!" I cheered.

I paced around like a bird freed from a cage and persuaded Hiccup to bring me out. Hiccup chuckled at my reaction and brought me to the blacksmith shop. I was excited to be outdoors again, this time not by sneaking out. I asked Hiccup to teach me how to make a sword. My first sword was well needed improving.

"First sword Aleda has ever made!" I examined my "lovely" sword. I showed it to Hiccup and he struggled to contain a laugh. "Oh come on! It's the first sword I've ever made! You didn't expect me to make one like!" I reached for the closest sword I saw and held it up, "this!"

Hiccup held back a laugh and finally said, "Well To be exact, that isn't a sword not at all!" I gave him a playful angry face, and smirked. "Oh no!" Before he finished his sentence, I threw a bucket of water towards him. His hair was drenched and the water dripped all the way till his boots. I laughed out loud.

"Oh it's on, it's so on!" Hiccup shouted back. I ran towards the pond in the woods and hid. He chased after me, and confused when he couldn't find me.

He took a step near the pond. I took the chance and snuck up behind him and pushed him, "BOO!" He splashed into the water and his head bobbed back up.

"So that's how you want to play it, huh?" He smiled and dove into the water. I looked around in the water, trying to find him when a force of water splashed on my face. I heard Hiccup's chuckle and I wiped my face. When I opened my eyes, he disappeared, again. What was he, a fish?

"Surprise!" Hiccup shouted and splashed another wave of water towards me. He dove down into water again, disappearing. I looked around for a hiding spot when I spotted a rock. I grabbed the bucket I brought from the forge and filled it with water. Then I hid behind the rock and waited. I heard Hiccup climbing out of the pond and he called my name.

He walked right in front of the rock and I jumped out of it and splashed the water on his face. He looked shocked and I took that moment to pin him on the ground. "I win!" I yelled in triumph. He grunted and played dead. I pretended to get off him. He took the cue and started to stand up, and as soon as he stood up, I appeared behind him and tickled him. He immediately fell back onto the ground laughing.

"Stop!" Laugh. Breath. "Tickling!" Another breath. Laugh. "Me!" And he managed to catch my wrists. I wiggled out of his grip and noticed the sun right on top of me.

"Race you back to the Great Hall! Winner gets to eat the loser's dessert!" I shouted and started to run towards the village, though not too fast since Gothi said to take it slowly, and also partly because Hiccup is not a fast runner. I heard Hiccup's footstep behind me and I ran towards the Great Hall. I slowed down until I was beside Hiccup. I stuck my tongue out and he smiled. I let him run ahead of

me, deliberately letting him win. He slid in the Great Hall, and I arrived there after a second.

Hiccup crouched and tried to catch his breath. He declared his victory breathlessly. "Iâ€|" Huff. "Winâ€|" Puff.

"Yeah yeah, you won." I said, pretending to look defeated. I took our lunch and sat down on a table. Then I handed him my dessert.

"Are you sure you don't want it?" Hiccup asked. I nodded, and one of his eyebrows arched up. "Aleda, these are berries." I looked back at the dessert. I didn't even notice those were berries! But I already promised himâ€|

"You can have it, you won." I replied, trying hard not to sound disappointed. He eyed me and handed me two cups of berries (one was mine, and one was his). I pushed it back and he shoved it towards me. "Come on, you won, eat the berries!"

Hiccup stopped and said, "No way. I demand you to eat them." He held the berries so it was right in front of me. I was about to push it back towards him when I finally looked at them carefully. The berriesâ€| puffy and juicyâ€| I swallowed and held the cup. I tried to give it back to Hiccup but my hand wouldn't budge.

I sighed and looked back to him, "Fine. I'll eat them." I poured the whole cup into my mouth and chewed. The sweet sensation filled my mouth and I found myself enjoying them. Hiccup smiled and started to eat his lunch. I felt guilty for not sharing the berries so I handed the other cup to him. "Take some, sharing is caring."

Hiccup obediently took a few and ate them. It was obvious that he was enjoying them too. After we finished our lunch, I dragged him back to the blacksmith and I practiced making swords. I made at least four swords, one better than the other until I finally made one that looked perfect. Along the way, Hiccup taught me how to balance it and sharpen it. He also joked, "Gobber would be proud that another person in the village learnt how to make swords. Problem is, you're already a healer, and your teacher is Gothiâ€| I'd like to see Gobber trying to get you off Gothi." I laughed at the comment and wondered how my life as a blacksmith would be. From applying herbs and healing people to making swords and designsâ€| I guess I liked both.

\* \* \*

><p>Since Gothi allowed me out of the Healer's hut, and technically kicked me out and ordered me to have a week of rest, Hiccup and I walked back to our house. Though I was happy to be back in my own bed, I was also scared to face Dad. What would he say to me? Would he be mad, or would he be joyed to see me back? Or maybe he would only be there to say goodbye to us to go and hunt the dragon's nest?</p>

We walked in the door to see Dad stoking the fire. I bit my lip and walked towards Dad. I hope I didn't disappoint him this time. "Hey Dad." I said, slightly trembling. I only feel like this when I'm in front of him. Why?

"You're back." He huffed. Was thatâ€| a worried look on his face? Worried, for me? But I thoughtâ€| "I'm going to go hunt for the

dragon's nest. I'll be back." Dad sighed, and added, "I hope you guys don't destroy the village. Andâ€| umâ€| Aledaâ€| get well soon." He took his helmet and stalked out of the door. Did he justâ€| told me to get well soon?

"Are you alright, Aleda?" Hiccup asked, breaking my thoughts. I nodded, actually meaning it this time. I was far better than all right. Dad just told me to get well soonâ€| Wow. I stood in front of my bed and stroked it. Once. Twice. I wasn't dreaming, right? I climbed in my bed to lie down, and looked at the shining moon outside the window. I suddenly had the urge to jump out there, stretch my wings and fly into the night sky, blending in with my dark scales. How long was it since I last flew?

I lied there, sighing at how much I missed. Hiccup was obviously very tired, already lightly snoring on his bed. Would he realise if I went missing? He's a very light sleeperâ€| but the moon and the sky was so tempting, as if they're calling me to join them. I finally couldn't resist it and leaped out of the window.

\* \* \*

><p>I stretched my wings, flew for what seemed to be the first time in ages. The cool breeze whipped against my head as I soared through the sky. I flew further out until I reached the middle of the ocean. I flew up to the clouds and with one powerful flap, I dove down and folded my wings. Hearing the whistle from my wings calmed me. I drew my wing at the very last second, causing waves of water splashing against my scales. I loved this feeling. I think I'll never get over it.</p>

I was wide awake, but I knew I had to go back soon. The moon was hanging on top, and it was going to set soon. At my highest speed, but carefully not to make a sound, I dove back to my house. I didn't dare to fold my wings, afraid the whistle would wake the villagers. I flew close to the window, and turned back into a human. I jumped in through the windows and quietly landed. It was only then I felt the tiredness overwhelm me, and I soon slept soundly.

\* \* \*

><p>I woke up at dawn, where I could just see the tip of the sun climbing up the mountains. I never really needed much sleep, as I'm also a light sleeper. I looked over to Hiccup, who was still asleep. Two days before our birthday. I mentally went through the instructions Hiccup taught me to make a sword. I silently went out the door and sprinted towards the forge. Most Vikings were off searching for the nest, leaving only the elders and the youths in the village. Most of them were still asleep. The only young person I know that wakes up as early as me was Astrid. I saw her carrying her axe and walked into the woods almost every day.</p>

I arrived in the blacksmith and looked around for any signs of people. Nobody was there, and Gobber was off the ships to find the nest. I took this as my chance to search for the lightest metal (according to Hiccup). I finally found some and started to make a small sword. It was like a knife, exceptâ€| well, it was a sword that was the size of a knife.

It didn't take much time to make them. I made two identical swords

and started to work on the handles. I took the scales out of my bag and decorated the handle. When I finished, I put them into my bag and saw the sun fully out of the mountains, and the sky was lit up. I quickly ran back to the house.

Luckily, Hiccup was still asleep. I put the bag under my bed and thought about what I should do next. The sun was still rising, so Hiccup wouldn't wake up until three hours laterâ€|

I took out my notebook and started to write in it. My notebook was my diary, everything I felt and did was in this book. I brought it with me everywhere, sometimes I draw in it. I wrote what happened in the past few days, my feelings and such. The sun shone in my eyes and I was surprised to notice that I had spent two hours writing already. I closed my notebook, putting it in my cloak and walked to the kitchen.

I looked through the kitchen and found some bread. I also found some yak butter. Opening the next cupboard, I found a jar of jam. Hiccup's favouriteâ€| I need to go buy more someday. I settled the food down and went back up to Hiccup.

Despite Hiccup was a light sleeper, it was actually quite difficult to wake him up. He would hide under his blanket and stay there if you try. I flung the blanket off him before I started to shake him. It was funny to see him trying to pull an invisible blanket and realising that he \_had \_no blanket.

"Where's my blanket?" Hiccup groaned, and curled up into a ball.

"It's on the floor. Wake up." I tried to untangle him but he wouldn't budge. "Oh come on!" I gave up untangling him, and now I was just simply shaking and slapping him.

"Let me sleepâ€|" Hiccup grumbled and turned to the other side.

I gave up shaking him and finally said, "Fine! I'll finish your jam and probably won't buy moreâ€|"

"Wait what? No! I'm coming! Waking up right now!" Hiccup flipped and yanked his feet down on the floor.

"That's more like it." I smiled and went down the stairs. I heard him following, tripping along the way.

I handed him some bread and jam, and I swear he could've eaten the whole jar (including the jar) without the bread.

It was weird, but we always felt like we can be ourselves when Dad wasn't hereâ€| Was it right to feel that way?

Even if he didn't care about us?

\* \* \*

><p><strong>A very brief ending, I know. I hope you enjoyed this!<strong>

## 8. Rustling

\*\*Huge writer's block in the past few days :/ I had no inspiration. Sorry D: And sorry for cutting off last chapter so quicklyâ€| I ran dry of ideas and I had to just end it there.\*\*

\*\*And I think I'm going crazy when I see favs and followersâ€| especially reviews! I love it when someone does that :D It makes me happy and this is one of the reasons why I urge myself to write. Thanks and I love you all! :D\*\*

\*\*And another note is that I went back to Prologue, Chapter 1 to change some tenses. I also changed the age Hiccup and Aleda became apprentices (from 10 to 5) since I forgot how Hiccup said he was Gobber's apprentice since he was little. So now they've been apprentices for 10 years (They're currently 13, turning 14 in two days in this story universe)\*\*

\*\*And the "small swords" I mentioned last chapter? I guess I wasn't smart enough before to notice that those were called daggers. Late realisation, I know, but I'll be using "dagger" instead of "small sword" or "knife" now.\*\*

\*\*Review Replies:\*\*

\*\*midnightwolfe2302: Thanks for reminding me about the tenses :D I went back to edit Prologue and Chapter 1 (And Chapter 2 for some minor details). And about the slowing down bit, yet again, thanks for reminding me. Every time I go to bed now I could only think what I would write when I got into the movie that I'm speeding up. And yes, I always edit my work :3 Thank you for reviewing on my mistakes (like I always told people to)!\*\*

\*\*Stephanie Phelps: Mmhm! I am going to add the movie into the story :D Since I already have a few ideas worked out for it. And sorry D: I'm not going to make Toothless and Aleda fall for each other (although it is a good ideaâ€|) since I've already planned out who Aleda is going to fall for (do you like OCxOCâ€| I hope you do :/) And thanks for calling this story cool :D And for reviewing. Thanks!\*\*

\*\*jsheridan844: Thanks! :D And I will. I'm just trying to overcome this huge writer's block I'm gettingâ€| Don't worry, I'm quite sure inspiration should come to me in the middle of nightsâ€| That's usually how it happens anyways. :P\*\*

\*\*On with the chapterâ€| And if you must know, I typed this up right before going to bedâ€| because I always do thatâ€| Anywaysâ€| Enjoy!\*\*

\*\*\*\*Disclaimer: I do not own How To Train Your Dragon and the characters in it.\*\*\*\*

\* \* \*

><p><em>Chapter 7 - Rustling<em>

Aleda's POV

Hiccup went off to the blacksmith to work on his project after he

finished breakfast so I had the house all to myself. It wasn't long after I cleaned up that I was bored. Utterly bored. Did I mention how easily I become bored? I've written everything I could in my diary so I couldn't do that.

After a few minutes of walking around the house, I decided to venture out. I took my bag with me, stuffed some snacks and secured my cloak. I stepped out of my house, only to realise that I had no idea where I planned to go. I spun around with my arm out and stopped. My hand was pointing at a random direction and I followed it. I came to the edge of a forest and hesitated for a few seconds. Since I knew the forest pretty well, I walked in.

Though I knew the forest well, I still made marks on the trees when I walked past them. Just in case I got lost, which almost never happened. I saw a clearing up front, and I casually walked there. It was filled with tall grass, but with a few swifts with my newly made dagger (and also my first, which actually turned out perfect, thanks to my practice with Hiccup), I made a perfect picnic spot.

I lied down on the soft grass as it tickled under my body. I took out a few berries from my bag and chewed on them. It was a wonderful day. The sun shone on my face, gently warming the area around me. I closed my eyes and enjoyed the moment. The smell of nature seeped through my nose and my head was cleared of worries.

Sounds of rustle caused me to open my eyes. I darted my eyes around and wondered what could've made that noise. I heard the rustle again, and I stood up, unconsciously in my battle stance. I could hear branches broken to the right of me, and I immediately took off and ran towards it, using the sound to guide me. The sound was getting further, and I wondered how it could run at such high speed. I could no longer hear the sound, so I walked back to my belongings and laid there. I closed my eyes and went through possibilities "It couldn't be a yak since that was too fast. It couldn't be a wild boar since it didn't sounded like one. It couldn't oh wait. It could be a dragon, but it sounded more like a human. But a human couldn't possibly run that fast" though it also sounded like a dragon towards the end!

I opened eyes to find that it wasn't morning anymore. Did I fall asleep? I got up, packed my bag and decided to stay in the woods. I walked to my secret cove. When I was about to take out my lunch, I had an urge to eat fish. Raw fish, something a dragon would love to eat. I knew my stomach and mouth would not agree with me if I ate it as a human, so I easily turned into a Night Fury. I stunned some fish in the pond and ate them. I licked my mouth and hunted for more. These fish would taste disgusting if I didn't turn into a dragon before eating it " the slimy sensation was not something good.

After eating a few fish, I sat down (not bothering to change back as a human) and thought through what had happened in the morning. Using my dragon mind, it was different than thinking as a human. I went through the memory, and noticed some more details about the rustling sound. It first sounded like human footsteps" then it turned into" a dragon? I shook my head as if to shake out the thought. It couldn't be possible. Could it?

\* \* \*

><p>There were still hours till the sun set. Since Gothi said I was allowed to do more actions now, I took it upon myself and decided to fly. I whipped around the island, taking in the views of Berk from the sky. Then I ascended into the clouds, touching them with my wings. The fluffy clouds swirled through my body, and I left the mark of my soaring wings through them. The clouds turned orange from the sun and I found myself gasping at it. I've never flown during the sunsets, and it was a magnificent sight. Though it was lovely, I knew I had to go home soon, so I flew back to the cove and packed up. I wore my cloak, adjusting the hood. The hood stubbornly hung backwards and I pulled it again to drape it over my head. After a few tugs, it finally settled into place. I sighed, wondering when would be the next time I needed to go buy a cloak. Maybe next time Trader Johann arrives, I could go buy some cloth and make one.</p>

As I walked through the forest to the village, I decided to not think about the incident in the morning. I was probably thinking too much. It might have been a dragon chasing a person after all.

When I walked past the forge, I heard the usual muttering from Hiccup when he concentrated. Except there was no banging on metal, no scribbling, and it sounded likeâ€œ sewing?! I continued to walk past the forge, aware that Hiccup said it was a surprise (so I tried very hard not to check what he was doing), and chuckled at the vision of Hiccup sewing. Then worry washed through me. Did he prick his fingers? Did he make sure to keep his fingers away from the needle?

I shook my head again. I was worrying too much. I headed for the Great Hall and munched on the food. It reminded me that I needed to go buy some food on the next day to prepare early for Hiccup and my birthday. I always cooked something nice for our birthday, though our dad never joined them. He was always busy on our birthday.

When I walked outside the Great Hall, I saw Astrid sitting along the stairs and staring into the moon. She had a sad gleam in her eyes, though not very obvious. I unknowingly walked towards her and sat next to her. The next thing I knew, I said, "You know, someone would trample on you if you sit on these stairs. Especially since we're in front of the Great Hall â€“ drunk men can trip over you without realising."

Astrid (surprisingly) chuckled and looked at me. She then hesitated and doubtfully eyed me. She asked, "Why are you here?" and directed her look back towards the moon.

I asked myself the same question, only to receive no answer. "I guessâ€œ I had a feeling that you're sad about something. It's my instinct to go and talk to them about it." What kind of answer was that? Yes, it was probably true, but who would talk to a stranger like that?

"I'm not sad." Astrid tried to snarl, only to come out in a desperate voice. She continued, "You don't always go and talk to people. Why should I be an exception?"

"Maybe because you're the only sane girl at my age?" I answered, immediately regretting it. What if she was offended that I just implied that Ruffnut was insane?

I was relieved when she didn't. In fact, she was pretty impressed. "Hmmâ€œ true. Anyways, nice fighting with Snotlout that day... He really deserved a punch." She breathed, nearly letting out another chuckle.

I raised my eyebrows at her comment before realising that Snotlout always flirted with her. I laughed and felt nice for cheering up Astrid.

"Heyâ€œ! you'd probably think this is rude, but why do you wear the cloak all the time?" She asked. I tensed, but relaxed since this was probably the nicest way for her to ask, and she seemed very curious.

"What would you think if I said I had something to hide?" That wasn't completely a lieâ€œ!

She shrugged. "I would believe you." I looked at her, but she didn't press on what I was hiding. "I don't know if you'll believe me if I say this, but you're probably very pretty behind that cloak." I looked at her, surprised. Was that even Astrid? She never said this kind of stuff. She wasâ€œ! tough. But again, she was having a bad day, and people tend to show their inner sides more when they are emotional. She added, "Not that I ever looked in your cloakâ€œ! I would never. It's just that someone that would go and try to comfort a stranger, especially one that is classified as violent," I secretly laughed at that comment, "wouldn't look bad. At least that's what my mum said."

I nodded and reached out my arm. I hesitated before patting her and said, "Thank you." I stood up and started to walk away when I heard Astrid said, "You know, you should act like that more. Some people think you'reâ€œ! mysterious. Especially after that fight, they think you're violent." I breathed a laugh.

"Sometimes it's necessary to be violent. I believe you'll know exactly what I'm talking about." I replied without looking back. Even without looking at her face, I knew she agreed to it. It was weird â€œ" like I just became friends with Astrid, but not exactly friends.

I walked towards the blacksmith to check on Hiccup. When he noticed me, he immediately hid whatever he was making behind his back. I smiled, "I'm not here to see the surprise. Just wanted to check on you. You ready to go home?"

"Just give me a minute to put this away." Hiccup answered and ran into his room behind the forge. He came out after a minute with his fur coat. "Okay, I'm ready."

We started walking home, and I expected him to start talking. He didn't, and I eyed him suspiciously. "What's up with you?" I asked.

"Whaâ€œ! What me? N-nothing's wrong with me!" Hiccup stuttered, obviously hiding something.

"Oh, I'm sure nothing is wrong with you. I mean, that's definitely not why you're stuttering." I answered. There was silence for a

while, but I knew he would blurt it out soon.

And yet another surprise, he didn't. He was pretty keen on keeping the secret. He started talking again, trying to change the topic. I allowed him to, laughing and responding to him.

\* \* \*

><p>There was no moon today. I wondered why. The sun always came up, even at times it seemed like it didn't (I've flown on those days and found that the sun was just covered by the clouds). I also realised that the moon was like in a cycle â€“ It gradually grows and gradually shrinks.</p>

I climbed into my bed and said to Hiccup, "Good night." He said the same thing to me and he was fast asleep.

Before I fall asleep, I thought about the incident in the morning again (though I have told myself not to). Something suddenly ticked and I wondered why I didn't think of it before. Now that I've thought of it, it all fit in.

Of course, that person must've been exactly like me. The ability to turn into a dragon. There was only one thing that bothered me. How was this possible? I thought I was the only oneâ€¦ How?

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Dun dun dunn! I actually had this planned out for a very long time (that there <strong>\_\*\_\*\*might\*\*\_\*\_\* be another person just like Aleda).\*\*

\*\*And since I ran out of ideas, I decided to explore on the relationship between Aleda and Astrid. Yes, Astrid might be a little OOC in this chapter, but hey, she's sad. People are different when they're sad. Aleda never asked why Astrid was sad and Astrid never asked what Aleda was hiding. They're both the kind of person that won't ask for details if that person wasn't going to be comfortable saying it.\*\*

\*\*And the next chapter would be one day away from Aleda and Hiccup's birthday! \*\*\*\*\*Squeal\* I actually can't wait till their birthday. Then I could finally write some things that I've been planning for a loooooooooong time.\*\*

\*\*I'll let you guys guess â€“ What natural form would the other person be? Boy or girl? I'll reveal after Aleda and Hiccup's birthday! :D And I'm a very boring and predictable person. That would be a clue to guessing those questions. Hehe.\*\*

\*\*I hope you've enjoyed this chapter! There is another reason why I haven't updated. I was reading the stories from \*\* \_\*\*KateMarie999\*\* \_\*\*. They're awesome. Go and check them out. Seriously. They are. Happy reading! :D\*\*

## 9. Preparations for Birthday

\*\*Sorry for not updating for a long time. The thing is, I have exams coming up and a bunch of schoolwork thrown into my face. Not to

mention I have to practice ballet for the upcoming exam as wellâ€|. (Yes, I do ballet. Don't laugh.) So updates will now be less frequent, and I'll update whenever I can. Sorry D:\*\*

\*\*Review Replies:  
><strong>

\*\*the dregon: Thanks :D I'll continue this whenever I can :D\*\*

\*\*dragonlover17: Thanks! And like I said before (I'm sorry for disappointing you D:) The dragon/human Aleda found in the woods will NOT be Toothless. It is a good idea, but I already have the story formed in my head, and you'll see why I'm not going to use Toothless towards the end of the story. And is Aleda too much of a Mary-Sue? And sorry for not updating in a long time D:\*\*

\*\*Just saying, I made up what Vikings do to celebrate their birthdayâ€|. Since I couldn't find anything about it. Maybe they don't even celebrate it! \*\*

\*\*And I realized my mistakes when I said that Aleda would go and get lunch. Apparently, Vikings only had two meals per day â€“ One in the morning and one at night. Whoopsâ€|\*\*

\*\*\*\*Disclaimer: I do not own How To Train Your Dragon and the characters in it.\*\*\*\*

\* \* \*

><p><em>Chapter 8 - Preparations for Birthday<em>

Aleda's POV

The conclusion I came up with in the night was probably true since it added up to sound I heard, but yet I still couldn't believe it. Another person, just like me. I knew that I had to go out there and meet this person, but it was one day away from Hiccup and my birthday. I promised myself that I would buy the ingredients for a great meal.

\_After our birthday. I'll search for this person after our birthday. \_I thought. I got up from the bed and grabbed a bag for the things I was planning to buy.

I first went to buy meat. If you wanted meat, you usually had to buy it in the morning, since it always ran out if you came too late. I went to Silent Sven, whom I always visited to buy meat from. He greeted me, but unlike usual, he didn't get any yak meat out. Before I could ask, he gestured to his farm where the yaks were either just born or were too skinny for meat. I sighed as I tried to think who else sold meat in the village.

I couldn't come up with anyone, so I asked Sven, "Then do you have any meat at all? If no, where do you think I can get some?" He scratched his chin and shook his head. He then gestured into the forest and mimed using a bow. He then gestured something about the boar season. I finally realized what he was talking about, "Oh! It's the boar season, so there must be a lot of boars in the forest, where I can go hunt some!" I started to walk away, "Thanks Sven!" He nodded

and went back into his hut.

I decided to hunt after I bought the other ingredients, since it would be fresher that way, and I didn't want to come back with the boar just to realize that everything else was sold out. I went to the barn and bought some eggs and yak milk. I had to beg for the milk because they were going to store it for winter. I then went and bought some cabbages, turnips and carrots. And this time, I had to remind myself not to buy it from Mildew. The last time I did, it wasn't a pleasant surprise.

I also went to the dock to see if there were any fish. Luckily, they just came back with a net full of them. I heard from the fishermen that they got salmon this time, and I immediately went and bought that. But salmon was rare, so I promised the fishermen that I would bring them boar. Boar meant bacon, which was indeed, very delicious, though I prefer yak steaks.

\* \* \*

><p>After depositing all the ingredients at the house, I quickly brought another bag and went into the forest. Since I forgot my bow at home and I only had a dagger, I decided to hunt as a dragon. I walked further out to the forest where I could hear a few boars. I turned into a Changewing and camouflaged myself. I located the boars and waited for the perfect moment to strike. The pack was walking directly towards me, oblivious to the fact that there was a dragon in front of them. One boar suddenly lifted its head and I knew I had to act fast. I turned into Speed Stinger and managed to sting all three boars. But I knew that if I tried to skin them now, their meat would be as hard as rock.</p>

After a few considerations, I transformed into a Deadly Nadder and pinned each of them to a tree with my spines. When their paralysis wears off, they wouldn't be able to escape. I turned back into a human and sat in front of them.

A boar started to wiggle and squawked. I waited till I was sure the paralysis completely wore off, I threw my dagger at it. I did the same to the other two. I picked them up and started to skin them. I flung them into the bag and dragged it to the village. I stopped by a nearby pond to wash off my dagger. I first gave a boar to the fishermen and they were overjoyed when they saw the boar.

I was unsure what to do with the other boar when I thought of Silent Sven. He didn't have any meat and I thought that this would be a good way to thank him from all those years when he reserved some for me. I showed up at his hut and found him walking worriedly. I approached him and gave him a boar. His eyes immediately lit up and he thanked me. He walked all the way back home merrily, and if he wasn't silent, I swear he would've been singing.

I was walking back home when I saw Hiccup in the blacksmith. I waved to him and continued to walk home. I opened the cabinets and put all the things I bought in there. I put some spices on the boar and did the same for the salmon. Then I hung it next to the cabinet. I sat in the house, wondering what I should do next. I took out my dagger and the dagger I made for Hiccup. Slowly, I carved "Hiccup" into his dagger and "Aleda" in mine.

I looked at the two daggers and admired them. I had to tell myself that I made them. After a while, I decided to write in my diary. After I finished, Hiccup walked in the door. His eyes gleamed with excitement. "It's our birthday tomorrow! We're turning into teens tomorrow, Aleda!"

I smiled and nodded. We were turning into teens. It was both frightening and exciting. He took out his notebook and started drawing on it. I scooted next to him and watched him draw. I loved watching Hiccup draw. He drew two figures — a boy and a girl. They both looked very similar, like twins. Then I realized that he was drawing us. Most importantly, he was drawing me, without my cloak. When he finished, he wrote "Hiccup and Aleda turning 13" on the bottom.

"I'm without my cloak?" I asked, pointing at the girl in the drawing.

"That's how I imagine you. This is a place where people would accept us as who we are, so you don't have to hide under a cloak anymore." Hiccup replied.

Tears started falling down my cheeks. Yes, that would be my birthday wish — People would accept us for who we are. "I would be the happiest girl in that place." I responded. We sat there, looking at the picture, imagining our lives in a world where we were not treated as runts.

But that was only our imagination. Would it ever happen in real life?

\* \* \*

><p><strong>I was doing some research on what Vikings eat and celebration when I came across a topic about left-handedness. Though left-handedness was only mentioned a few times, there is a phrase that shows a "left-hand-man" was used to mean one's enemies. Then I found the meaning of "left" from a bunch of other languages (sorry, I'm too lazy to type them all out) that had the meaning of "lame", "weak", "ill", and "palsy". And if you think about it, Hiccup is left handedâ€| Someone certainly did their researchâ€|<strong>

\*\*And about healing with herbs, there was actually very little recorded about herbal medicine. And there was one herb that was used both in cooking and also medically was \*\*\_\*\*hvÃ¶nn\*\*\_\*\* that translates to \*\*\_\*\*Angelica officinallis\*\*\_\*\*. Tada.\*\*

\*\*My dad was watching Robocop while we were eating dinner and I heard Hiccup's voice. And then I realized that Jay Baruchel was involved in that movie, and I squealed every time he talked. Typical fangirling, I know :P\*\*

\*\*Next chapter would be Hiccup and Aleda's Birthday! Yeepee! They're turning 13! I hope you enjoyed this chapter! :D\*\*

## 10. Happy Birthday!

\*\*Sorry for not updating for a VERY long time! (Has it been two months? O\_O) For the first 2 weeks I sprained my wristâ€| thus not

being able to write. Then I had exams, studying for them and doing the exam itselfâ€| Then being lazy and getting Writer's Blockâ€| And I didn't write anything :/ I am very, extremely, tremendously sorryâ€| \*\*

\*\*I am really, really sorry for not updating anything for such a long time.\*\*

\*\*Review replies time! :D  
><strong>

\*\*WhirlpoolDraco: :D Thanks! And I'll continue this as long as I have time!\*\*

\*\*dragonlover17: Thanks :D I'm sorry for not updating for such a long time... Here's their birthday though!\*\*

\*\*Dragonnninja-fan: That's actually a very good idea â€“ But unfortunately I'm not using it :/ I might use your suggestion on the less obviousness on boysâ€| Hehehehe.\*\*

\*\*Reviwz D: I would certainly add dragons from HTTYD2 after I've watched it â€“ But the problem is, I don't know when I'll watch itâ€| So don't spoil it for me :P\*\*

\*\*Shout out to another story with Hiccup also having a twin sister â€“ The Dragon Girl by \*\*\_\*\*mystiquemagic152\*\*\_\*\*. She's one of the reasons why I'm bothered to write this to pass my free time instead of playing Sims 3.\*\*

\*\*To make up for my extremely long period of being lazy and not writing the story, I'll write an extra long chapter â€“ So if you think I took too long, bear in mind that I took some of that time to write this :P\*\*

\*\*And I just realised â€“ Hiccup and his gang was 14-15 years old at the first movie. Time to go back and change all my agesâ€| sighâ€|\*\*

\*\*And I don't know how to cook. So if you tried to cook whatever I described when Aleda was cooking, please don't blame me if it tasted awful.\*\*

\*\*I know this chapter is supposed to be more cheerful, but I couldn't help and put in more of Aleda's thoughts about her family, dragon killing, Astrid, etc.\*\*

\*\*Let's now enjoy Aleda and Hiccup's birthday! :P\*\*

\*\*Disclaimer: I do not own How To Train Your Dragon and the characters in it.\*\*

\* \* \*

><p><em>Chapter 9 - Happy Birthday!</em>

Aleda's POV

Like bizarre times that Berk has a sunny day, I had a dream.

Not a nightmare â€“ But a good one.

In fact, it was amazing.

I dreamt of Hiccup and I in a world full of dragons living in peace â€“ with Hiccup actually stroking and caring for them. Terrible Terrors (they're not really that terrible â€“ people just underestimate them too much) would sit on top of tree branches and sing until a nearby dragon would swat them; Nadders would preen themselves next to a lake, some would yawn, fold in their wings and sleep; Hideous Zipplebacks (They really were quite hideous!) would scare others off, causing funny disasters; Nightmares would drool and playfully knock some dragons over; Gronkles would chase after babies and â€“ Oh, the babies. Their cute eyes would make you melt, making you forget the scolding you have prepared for them. And Hiccup would be play fighting â€“ Night Fury?

I had never seen a Night Fury (except for me) in my life beforeâ€| Hiccup burbled away with him, sometimes flicking his ear platesâ€| How I wished Hiccup would act like this in real life!

And like all dreams â€“ they always end to make us want moreâ€|

\* \* \*

><p>The moment I opened my eyes in the morning, I was bursting with joy.</p>

It was Hiccup and my birthday!

I flung my legs off the bed and took the daggers I made. Then I ran towards Hiccup's bed. "Hiccup! Wake up!"

He sat up and rubbed his eyes. He seemed to be taking his time when he suddenly stopped. "It's our birthday! Right!" He immediately jumped off the bed.

I laughed. Typical Hiccup.

He struggled to get his feet into his boots â€“ It was pretty cold (not really for me â€“ I guess there were benefits being able to change into a dragon), since Winter just started. We were born at the start of winter, two months before Snoggletog, my favourite holiday, where everyone either ignore or bully Hiccup and me.  
Yay.

Hiccup shivered. "Ugh. It's so cold! It's like Devastating Winter is already here!"

"Devastating Winter isn't due for another four months, Hiccup." I said, deliberately annoying him.

"Yay. Such fun. I can't wait till I can play in the storm!" Hiccup groaned, hands instinctively rubbed his arms.

I threw his blankets at him. "Here, wrap it around yourself and walk on the streets! It would be such a sight!" I bit my lips and held back my laugh.

"No way! I'd rather wear the pink tunic!"

"You mean the one Auntie Rose gave you last birthday? The one where she thought you were a girl and rambled on how girly you were?" I released my laughter, took in freezing breaths and shivered.

"Hey! You promised not to mention about that anymore!"

"Well you mentioned it first! By the way, I think it's somewhere in that boxâ€|" I pointed and started to walk towards it.

"I'll wear my green tunic and fur vest, \_thank you very much\_. " He quickly put on his fur vest. "See? Not cold anymore." It was an obvious lie â€" he was still shivering.

"Talking about birthday giftsâ€| I have something for you. More like, both of us." I revealed the daggers I made and gave it to Hiccup. His eyes shone with amazement and he took it in his hands. He stroked it, and gasped. "Happy birthday Hiccup!" I cheered. "I hope you like your present!"

"Wow Aledaâ€|" Hiccup looked up to me. "Thisâ€| is justâ€| amazing! Thank you!" He spun the dagger around, angled it so the light would reflect off it, and swiped it at the air. "It's very light as well. Just right for me. Thank you, Aleda." He smiled and looked at my eyes. It might have been just me, but I slightly felt the emotions he felt at the moment. He was grateful, happy, amazed, excited, and also wanting to rush like he couldn't wait for something.

He put the dagger between his shirt and his belt. "Come on, I need to show you \_your\_ birthday present!" He took my hand and dragged me towards the blacksmith. Since it was early in the morning, and it was not a working day (which was why I chose to buy the ingredients yesterday), the village was almost empty. I caught a glimpse of Astrid with her axe, walking towards the forest. She was probably going to practice her axe on some poor innocent trees. Ever since she passed her twelfth birthday (which was a year ago), she trained even harder â€" not that she never did. In fact, she already held an axe at the age of 5! I've heard that she was preparing for Dragon Training, and everyone was expecting her to come as top student. Some said it might be me, but I didn't want to go in Dragon Training â€" it would mean killing and harming dragons, and I can't bring myself to do that. I am, in a way, part dragon.

"Wait here." Hiccup told me and I obeyed. He walked into his tiny room behind the shop and came out after a few seconds. "Happy birthday Aleda." He handed me a box with a simple purple ribbon tied across it. I slowly lifted the box and a streak of a dark purple cloth was shown. I curiously lifted up the cloth and it revealed to be aâ€|

Cloak.

Not just any cloak.

My fingers stroke across the surface of the cloak and I could feel the metal built inside it. I flipped it over and saw that the inside of the cloak was built like an armour. The sides were embedded with the same shade of dark purple strings, woven in patterns that looked random but yet flowing. The hood was what made me gasp at the most. It was a work of sheer genius. It was created to be the shape of a

face while it wouldn't show the face in it.

"Hiccupâ€| Iâ€| Youâ€| Wow." I flipped it over and over again. The cloak felt like the soft and smooth "silk", as Trader Johann called it; but yet it was strong, like leather. "I'm going to go and try it on." I said to Hiccup. He nodded and I walked into his small room. I took off the cloak I had on. It felt weird without my cloak. I examined my arm â€" the scales were still there, and it didn't seem like it was going away soon. I sighed and put on the cloak Hiccup made for me. Though there was metal in it, it was surprisingly light. I felt the metals sliding in place on the weakest spot of my body, and I slid my hood on. On a nearby "mirror" (another piece of invention made by Hiccup â€" I still think "mirror" was a stupid name for something so magnificent), I saw the reflection of myself.

The sleeves extended just over my fingertips with a metal plate perfectly cupping around my wrists. The rest of the cloak draped just above my ankle. The mysterious girl in the mirror widened her forest green eyes in shock and surprise. Lifting my hand up towards my face, the girl in the "mirror" did the same. The cloak fitted perfectly on the girl like they were meant to be â€" it flowed with the girl. When I first held the cloak, I thought it was beautiful and a work of art. But now that I saw it on the girl â€" it was more than that. It was stunning, elegant, breathtaking and a brilliant intelligence was reflected on the creator of this cloak. The hood of the cloak casted a shadow on most of her face â€" except for the eyes â€" the window to a person's soul. And for the very first time, I saw my eyes. Really saw it. I walked closer to the "mirror" and widened my eyes more. Looking into my own eyes, I finally realised how alike Hiccup and I was. The eyes seemed to blend right in to the forest, as if the eyes were a forest itself.

Hiccup was waiting outside. I readied myself and stepped out of the room.

\* \* \*

><p>Hiccup's POV</p>

When Aleda stepped out of the room, I did not expect the result.

The cloak seemed to be alive on Aleda, compared to the times when I spent hours sewing and cutting it. The cloak flowed around her body and, well, it was perfect. I couldn't believe it.

I couldn't believe that I, Hiccup, made this.

When I finally brought myself to look at her face (not really her face since it was usually covered with a hood), I saw my eyes. My eyes.

I didn't notice I was walking closer to those eyes until I noticed how green, how lively, and how it looked exactly like mine. I've never concentrated on Aleda's eyes since I rarely saw it, let alone looking at it in such a close distance. Was this really how my eyes looked like? The colour so green that it blended into forests?

Aleda suddenly spoke, "Iâ€| Hiccupâ€| I love it. Thank you." She threw her arms around me and said, "This is the best birthday present ever."

I returned her hug and chuckled, "You say that every year. How about that bow I gave you last birthday?"

"That was on Snoggletog!" Aleda exclaimed.

I raised my eyebrow, "Really? I'm so sure it was on our birthday!"

She put her hands on her hips and said, "You probably messed it up."

"I guess it makes sense; our birthday is pretty close to Snoggletog!"

"So, how do you want to spend our birthday?"

Just when I was about to say something, Aleda's stomach growled. "How about we start by getting some breakfast?" I laughed, earning a light slap on my shoulder.

"Let's." Aleda smiled.

\* \* \*

><p>Aleda's POV</p>

We decided to go to the Great Hall for breakfast, considering that I would be cooking at night and Hiccup didn't want me to do so much work on our birthday.

Bad news was, the other kids were there. Snotlout included.

Good news was, Astrid (Who was already back from training; or maybe just here to eat so she can go out later again) probably knew that it was our birthday today and pulled Snotlout back from trying to revenge. I would never know how, but she managed to shut the other twins up as well; not that they were ever unkind to us. They were just simply trying to follow the group so they weren't teased as much. Out of the five, though unbelievable, the twins would understand us the most. I smiled at her, grateful that she was trying to stop the others from ruining our birthday. She returned the smile, though not as obvious, scared that the others might see and question her. I didn't blame her; honour and name was an important thing in Berk; if you've got a bad name, you might be out of food for the next month; if you've got a good reputation, chances were that you would always be the first one sent to the Healer among the casualties.

After breakfast, I decided to have a competition with Hiccup. He may not look like it, but he was a natural with a crossbow. Too bad that the "traditional" Viking weapons were axes and hammers, things that both Hiccup nor I could carry. I on the other hand, was better off using a bow. I could never aim right with a crossbow.

I drew crosses on the trees in front of us and motioned Hiccup to shoot. Out of the five targets I set up, he got all of them. I clapped, and he dramatically took a bow. Then I took my place in the middle of the landing. He started to draw the crosses, and drew one deliberately under a canopy of leaves. And of course, I didn't get

that one, leaving me with the score of four out of five.

"Not. Fair! Rematch!" I pouted, not willing to acknowledge that I have lost.

"Yes. Fair! You drew one far away but I still got that!"

"That's only distance! You put \_leaves\_ in front of the target!"

"You just don't want to lose." Hiccup smiled, putting his hands on his hips.

"And you don't want a rematch because you don't want to lose!" I imitated Hiccup and placed my hands on my hips. Unfortunately, when I tried to weigh myself on one foot, I tripped over a rock and landed on my back.

Hiccup ran over to me and helped me up. "Are you okay?" He asked, worried and trying to not laugh at the same time.

"I'm perfectly fine. The metal plate you put on the back absorbed most of the force." I stood up and brushed the dirt off my back. "And would you stop laughing!" I crossed my arms and looked at him.

"Sorryâ€| fineâ€| Hiccup tried to contain his laugh. When he realised he couldn't, he tried to change the topic. "Why don't weâ€| goâ€| and have a snack?"

I allowed him to change the topic and went to the grassy area where I went two days ago. Using my dagger, I cut another area of grass and laid down our things. I took out a jar of berries and munched on them.

Hiccup lied down next to me and started to turn his dagger over and over again. "I don't understandâ€| what is this thing you used for the handle?" He asked, stroking it over and over again.

"Trade secret. If I told you, I would have to slice you!" I answered him, revealing an evil smile. I cuddled against the grass and sprayed the ones I cut off over my face. Rolling over and over, I realised that the more I touched it, the more comfy and addicting it was. It seemed to have a special effect on me â€" I felt calm and playful when I touched the grass. At last I gave up and buried my face into the grass. Hiccup peered at me and raised an eyebrow.

"You look like a cat." He commented.

I raised my head. "Excuse me?" I joked, "Me, a \_cat\_? If I look like a cat, then you'd look like one as well."

"I do \_not\_ look like a cat!"

"We're twins. If I look like a cat, then you would be too â€" we look exactly the same!"

"I repeat â€" I do \_NOT\_ look like a cat!"

"Do to."

"Do not!"

"Do to."

"Do not!"

We walked our way home continuing to bicker about how and why we looked like cats.

Let me repeat "I do not look like a cat!"

\* \* \*

><p>The sun was starting to set and I started to cook. Hiccup was off one side, drawing on his notebook. I chopped the vegetables and tossed them into the boiling water. I threw in some salt, parsley and garlic that I had carefully stored over the year. While that was cooking, I thought of how I could cook the salmon. Then I had an idea. First, I grilled the salmon. Then I tore the boar into strips and grilled it in linseed oil. When that was done, I cut the salmon into parts and wrapped the bacon around it. I smiled at my own creation. I poured the yak milks into cups and laid the table.</p>

Like usual, I laid three sets of cutleries " one for me, one for Hiccup, and one for Mum. Dad would never come home on our birthdays after Mum was gone. He always had excuses. Though cruel, sometimes I wished that it was Dad who was gone " not Mum. At least she knew me and I could share my worries with her. Though I had Hiccup, it wasn't the same. I had to keep my mouth shut about my secret, keep my mouth shut about dragons, keep my mouth shut about how dragons were also intelligent creatures!

And Dad never cared about us. He just scolds us. Especially Hiccup. I passed the Great Hall once and heard him complain to Spitelout, "Why couldn't my son be more like yours? It's like he's attracting troubles all the time! Forget that! He's a walking trouble himself!" I couldn't believe it when I heard it. We were already distant " at first, I thought there was something wrong with me that made Dad pushed Hiccup and me away. I tried to always obey his orders, did what Vikings do, and I still couldn't get his attention. When I heard him in the Great Hall, I grew cold to him, although I still get upset when he scolds me, or when he's disappointed at me. I try my best not to talk to him.

But he was still my Dad. We were related, by blood. I would still call him Dad, and though I have grew cold towards him, I still hoped that one day he would accept Hiccup and me for who we are and what we can or cannot do.

Hiccup always thought he could impress Dad, turn his destiny around, and be more like a Viking. And every time, Dad would crush his dreams, crush his confidence, and crush his dignity. He always left the comforting up to me, and I was grateful for the stubbornness that ran in our family " it always worked on Hiccup when I try to get him up and running again.

I had always supported Hiccup. Except for the fact that he wanted to be a Dragon Killer. For once, I agreed with Dad " Hiccup was not a

Dragon Killer. I wouldn't want him to be either.

The wonderful dream I had floated up in my mind again. The image of Hiccup and the Night Furyâ€| It seemed impossible, but yet it seemed like they were a perfect pair. Though very different â€" Hiccup was small â€" and compared to a Night Fury, he could be easily killed. But a Night Fury has a strong heart, a loyal soul that could overpower anything. Hiccup had that too.

The Vikings just needed to learn that.

"Mmm! What's that I smell? Is thatâ€| bacon?" Hiccup broke my thoughts, oblivious to what I was thinking before. He dug right in his dinner, and plopped a small piece of bacon in to his mouth. Then he drank the soup.

I smiled widely. Though Hiccup may seem small â€" he could eat a lot if he wanted to. I ate my newest creation, and found out that it was pretty good. "If you don't want to be a healer, you can always be a cook!" Hiccup joked as he plopped another piece of grilled salmon in his mouth.

"I like being a healer! I feel completed when I heal someone. Besides, being a healer means I don't have to be a dragon killer, so I don't have to enrol in Dragon Training!" I exclaimed, finally found my reason to not be in Dragon Training. According to our village rules, all teens at the age of 15 must join Dragon Training, unless a good reason was given. For example, if an important job had a lack of people and the teen had the skills to be a part of the job, in addition if the job cannot be done at the same time when killing dragons, then the teen would be given the choice to not join Dragon Training. Of course, most people would still love to enrol in Dragon Trainingâ€|

"Wait! Does that mean I can't join Dragon Training! I mean, I'm kind of a blacksmithâ€|" Hiccup trailed off, not wanting to miss Dragon Training.

I sighed. "You can kill dragons while you're blacksmithing. A great example would be Gobber." I dug into my food, not wanting to talk about killing dragons.

Hiccup's face lightened. He whispered to himself, "I still have the chance to show Astrid that I'm not a coward!"

I shook my head. Why did Hiccup have to prove himself to get a girlfriend? I knew that Astrid would say yes if she didn't have to think about name and honour, and most importantly, her family. Those two definitely liked each other (though it was hard to tell on Astrid â€" sometimes she looked at Hiccup longer than a normal stare when he wasn't looking. And it was obvious that she wouldn't choose Snotlout or Tuffnut, unless one day Snotlout forced her to become his brideâ€|)

"Nowâ€| some kind of dessert would be greatâ€|" Hiccup wiped his mouth.

I walked towards the kitchen area and took out a jar of jam and a spoon. I also took out some incredible berries that I have stored just for our birthday.

"Can I just eat that with the spoon please? No bread? Please? Just let me be unhealthy for once?" Hiccup begged, as jam was his favourite dessert.

"Who cares about being healthy â€“ if Vikings cared about being healthy, our village could do with a little less feeding." I answered, handing him a spoon.

"Hey! That's my joke!" Hiccup said cheerfully and immediately started eating the jam, not wanting me to change my mind and take it back.

I took my berries and crunched them below my tongue. The taste of these berries were delightful. Hiccup and I both sighed happily, deliciousness written all over our face.

After dessert, we walked up to our rooms and climbed out the window. (Well, I did, since Hiccup couldn't climb up without help, I had to pull him up.) We sat on the roof and watched the moon rise. It was full moon, as if the sky was giving us blessings for our birthday. The moon was so perfectly round and it glowed vibrantly. Again, it seemed to call me to the sky, to fly and touch the moon. I fought back the urge. This night belonged to Hiccup and me.

Hiccup put his arms around me and I leaned my head on his shoulders. I didn't care if he was thin â€“ he was warm, and reminded me the smell of the forest.

I slowly drifted to sleep on his shoulders. I could faintly hear him humming a lullaby that Mum used to sing to us.

No matter what happens, I will always protect Hiccup and love him. He was my only family. He was the only one who cared. It didn't matter that I had a secret. One day, I would show him. I know he wouldn't hurt me, no matter what.

If I venture near death, I would still hold on to the memories of Hiccup and I into my new life.

I would never forget Hiccup.

Ever.

He was the best brother anyone could ever have.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Wondered why I ended this chapter this way? Well you'll have to keep reading to find out :P FYI, you won't find out until a very long time, so if you want to guess, go ahead :) I'll PM you if you got it correct.</strong>

\*\*Ha! It's like Aleda's some kind of psychic that sees the future in her dreams :P And yes, the Night Fury is Toothless â€“ but she doesn't know it yet. It's just her dreams!\*\*

\*\*Did anyone catch the reference from Iron Gronckle in Defenders of Berk? I'll PM a spoiler of this story to the first person who gets it :P\*\*

\*\*I'm sorry for writing a lot of unhappy things in this chapter â€“ though this was supposed to be cheerful, I couldn't help it. When my inspiration comes, it just flows.\*\*

\*\*Yaaay! Nearly 4000 words for this chapter :D I spent a long time writing this so I can perfect it.\*\*

\*\*I might write about the mysterious dragon person in the next chapter. If you're not a fan of OCxOC romance, stop reading. I would've put Toothless as this mysterious person, but I already have a plan. Sorry D:\*\*

\*\*You'll see why I didn't put Toothless later on. He's also an important role in this story.\*\*

\*\*I hope you enjoyed this and I'll see you in the next chapter!\*\*

## 11. Multi-breed?

\*\*I am so sorry for not updating for such a long time D: I was just being lazy, you know, summer holidays? :)\*\*

\*\*Aleda goes find the mysterious dragon/person â€“ Will she find him/her? What will happen if they do? You'll find out :P â€“ Sorry for those who wanted this person/dragon to be Hiccup or Toothless D: It's notâ€| Sorry :/\*\*

\*\*Review Replies:\*\*

\*\*Dragoninja-fan: Again D: Sorry, it's not Hiccupâ€| :/ But I might use your suggestion on another similar scenarioâ€| Hehe :3\*\*

\*\*mystiquemagic152: Thanks :D And you'll find out the mysterious person/dragon here! :D\*\*

\*\*Yolei94: Thanks :)\*\*

\*\*midnight84118: Here's another chapter :) I'm definitely going to continue this â€“ I've already got things planned out :D\*\*

\*\*dragonlover17: Yes :P This story will include the movie events â€“ it's going to be quite a while, since the latest chapter (this chapter) is still about a year away from the movie :D\*\*

\*\*laurenroxbrough: Unfortunately, I've never read something like that before O\_O It's hard to imagine Hiccup being a typical Vikingâ€| of course, that's just my imagination not stretching far enough :D I'd like to read something like that though :P\*\*

\*\*Guest: Sorry for not updating :U And I am going to keep updating this, though it may take a long time :) And thanks!\*\*

\*\*Disclaimer: I do not own How To Train Your Dragon or the characters in it.\*\*

\*\*Hope you enjoy this chapter! :D\*\*

\* \* \*

><p><em>Chapter 10 - Multi-breed?</em>

Third Person's POV

Aleda's eyes fluttered open when the sun came up only to find Hiccup gone. She immediately sat up and looked around.

\_Where's Hiccup?\_ Aleda thought, and she climbed back in the window. Hiccup wasn't there either. \_Maybe he's at the forge\_, Aleda adjusted her hood, brought her bow and walked to the forge.

Soon enough, Aleda could hear the sound of clashing metals. She peeked in and saw Gobber and Hiccup both making weapons. \_Huh. They don't usually work this early\_|\_ "You guys are early." Aleda commented.

Hiccup looked up and smiled. "Yeah, Gobber said there might be dragon raids and we're low on weapons, so he dragged me out here to help him." Hiccup smirked and earned a light slap on his shoulders.

"Gothi says that you can have the day off today," Gobber turned towards me, "You sure are lucky, that old woman rarely gives days off\_|" He continued to mumble to himself and dipped the axe in his hand into a bucket of water.

"Well, I'm going off to the woods\_|" Aleda told the pair.

Hiccup looked up and smirked, "Try not to break that bow, remember the last time\_|"

"I won't! And please don't mention that time\_| it's embarrassing." Aleda blushed, causing Hiccup to laugh. "See you later!" She jogged towards the forest and walked to her cove.

\* \* \*

><p>Her plan was to go into the cove, relax a bit and listen for the noise that she heard the other day, and then follow it. While she walked in the cove, she unfastened a string in front of her hood â€“ she added it in after Hiccup gave it to her, to make it more stabled â€“ and was about to take it off when she was met with a male Night Fury with his wings spread out, ready to fight.</p>

He had pure black scales, like a normal Night Fury â€“ with a few faint dotted spots in hinted blue.

The Night Fury snarled, but didn't make any comments. Aleda backed away and held her hands up. However, the Night Fury didn't relax â€“ his battle stance was still as firm as before, and it didn't seem like he was going to back down. He growled, and started to walk towards Aleda, forcing her to leave the cove.

"What do you want?" Aleda asked, and somehow, scared.

The Night Fury didn't answer â€“ instead, he just growled. He started

to corner Aleda, forcing her to walk out of the cove.

"You want me out of the cove?" Aleda asked again. \_Why isn't he talking?\_ The Night Fury continued baring his teeth.

Aleda stumbled backwards. She thought about turning into a dragon â€“ from experience, when a dragon realises what she was, they would snarl in disgust â€“ so she decided it was not a good idea.

She finally lost her patience and shouted, "Why aren't you talking?"

"\_Because you won't understand."\_ The Night Fury answered with a low voice.

"And you think I don't understand becauseâ€|?" Aleda questioned. The Night Fury seemed surprised for a moment, then cocked his head to one side, pupils dilating.

"\_How do you know what I'm saying?" \_He asked, curiously.

She stammered, "I amâ€| uhâ€| I can speak dragon!"

"\_Don't be silly, it's impossible for a human to speak like a dragon. Their voices and mouth can't make the sound.\_"

"I can hear dragon then!" Aleda mentally cursed herself for such a stupid excuse.

"\_Impossible as well. Their hearing is not advanced enough to hear us talking.\_"

"Uhâ€|" \_Think of something! Think of something!\_

"\_You're not a human.\_" He concluded.

"Of course I am!" Aleda gestured to herself, "Does it look like I'm something else?"

"\_It's hard to determine â€“ you're wearing a cloak.\_"

"Well Iâ€|" Aleda halted in the middle of her sentence, "Did you say cloak?"

"\_Yes, I did.\_"

"But a dragon wouldn't have known this was called a cloak!" Aleda narrowed her eyes at the Night Fury in front of her. He opened his mouth, but shut it immediately after.

"You're not a dragon!" Aleda exclaimed.

"\_Yes I amâ€| I have wings, scales, a tail, and the ability to breath fire. What do you think I am, a flying snake?\_" He scoffed.

A gust of wind blew over Aleda â€“ her half taken off hood fell down, exposing her face.

Aleda gasped and reached for her hood to cover her face â€“ but the Night Fury had already seen everything.

"\_Are those \_\_\*\*scales\*\*\_\_ on your face?"\_ He blurted.

"Iâ€| Pretend you didn't see anything!"

"\_I knew it! You're not a human!"\_ He barked, \_"You're a multi-breed!"\_

"A multi what?"

"\_A multi-breed! You can turn into different dragons!"\_

"How did you know?"

"\_Because I'm one as well."\_

Aleda nearly tripped over herself, "Waitâ€| \_what\_?!"

"\_Oh gods! I've never seen another one except my mother before! Is your mother one as well? Do you have any siblings? Are they one of us?"\_ He bounded excitedly, nearly stepping on Aleda.

"I've never seen my mother before, though I wished I did â€" I'm assuming that she's the only one that knows about this," She wondered why she was talking about her life in front of a stranger, or strange dragon, "I have a twin brotherâ€|" The Night Fury's eyes lit up, "But he's not a multi-dragonâ€""

"\_Multi-breed."\_ He corrected.

"â€"Multi-breed. At least I don't think he is." She paused, "Well, it would help if there were certain characteristics that can help me determine if he is a multi-breedâ€|"

"\_Better hearing, just enough to hear dragon speech; Better stamina, but just a little; Shorter tempers â€" influenced by our dragon sideâ€|"\_ He listed, but was interrupted by Aleda.

"Nope. He's definitely not a multi-breedâ€|"

"\_Well. That sucks."\_

They stared in silence. Then he suddenly moved.

Or rather, transformed.

The first thing Aleda noticed was the fluid motion â€" it seemed like he wasn't transforming at all. She observed that he had short and dark brown hair. Aleda noticed that her head only reached his chest â€" but she had always been quite short, compared to the others. He was tall and lean, and she reckoned that he was a few years older than her. Most importantly, she couldn't see any scales.

"I guess it would be better if I start introducing myself." He walked closer to Aleda, "I'm Niall."

"Just Niall?"

"Just Niall." He nodded, "I don't have a last nameâ€| I only had my mother since the start of birth."

"Ohâ€œ I'm sorry," Aleda grimaced, knowing how hard it was to not have a parent to ask for advice, especially on the topic of growing upâ€œ her dad always avoided such questions, "Anyways, I'm Aleda."

"Just Aleda?" He smiled at the repetition.

"Aleda Kamarae Haddock." She answered.

"Haddock? That sounds familiarâ€œ" His eyebrows furrowed.

"My father is Stoick the Vast, if that helps." She shrugged.

"\_Stoick the Vast\_? As in, the one who popped off a dragon's head clean off its shoulders?"

"So guess what would happen if my dad knows about this?" Aleda gestured to herself and sighed.

"Is this why you wear a cloak?" He asked tentatively.

"Yes." She whispered.

They stood in silence for a longer time. Niall suddenly broke the silence.

"So, you want to know more about our kind?" He grinned brightly, eyes gleaming from anticipation.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>I think some people would think that the reaction Niall gave to Aleda is very unreal â€œ since we don't always act like this when we meet someone new, especially someone who's wearing a cloak! Or maybe it's just me being anti-social, but the reason why Niall warms up so easily to Aleda is because he's never seen one of their kind before â€œ except for his mother.<strong>

\*\*I'm sorry for procrastinating so much for the pastâ€œ what, two months? I think it was longer than thatâ€œ sorry :/ And for further notice, I don't think I'll be updating quicker either. \*\*

\*\*There's a few more OCs coming up â€œ don't worry, I won't put too manyâ€œ Only 2 more at the momentâ€œ Sorry D:\*\*

\*\*And again, another warning â€œ this story is going to involve OCxOC "romance", so if you don't like it, I'm sorry and don't read it XD\*\*

\*\*I also think I should explain the names here a bit â€œ I actually researched for themâ€œ so they're not random at all. I'll explain how I got Niall's name first :P (You can skip this if you want :P It's just more background info on this story)\*\*

\*\*The name "Niall" is a combination "Zirnitra" and "Nidhogg".\*\*

\*\*Zirnitra is a Slavic name â€œ in Wendish (Slavic) mythology,

Zirnitra is a black Slavic dragon and the god of sorcery (the use of magic especially black magic).\*\*

\*\*Nidhogg is a Norwegian name that means a mythical dragon. \*\*

\*\*The combination of these two names eventually comes up with Niall. The origin of this name is Irish and Gaelic, and it means champion :P\*\*

\*\*Aleda Kamarae Haddock\*\*

\*\*I've probably said this before, Aleda is a Spanish name that means small and winged. Considering how she can turn into a dragon the meaning of "winged" makes sense :P\*\*

\*\*Now the middle name I had to use some baby name generator thing to get this Kamarae means a strong, compassionate, beautiful, full of life, dependable, and a great friend to have. Its origin is unknown :P I know, very cheesy I gave a few names and meanings to my friend and she thought that this one was best. :) Please don't blame her :P\*\*

\*\*That's basically it for this chapter! See you in the next chapter!\*\*

## 12. Cognition

\*\*Sorry for not updating for quite a long time! I will now try and shorten the author notes before the story, so for those who don't want to read it can read the important stuff up here. And for those who does, it's at the end of the story, which is usually not as important as I would ask questions there.\*\*

\*\*I will no longer list whose POV the story is in when it's in third person. I may list the person when the point of view changes, but no guarantees.\*\*

\*\*Disclaimer: I do not own How To Train Your Dragon Trilogy or the characters in it.\*\*

\* \* \*

><p><em>Chapter 11 - Cognition<em>

"So, you want to know more about our kind?" Niall grinned brightly, eyes gleaming from anticipation.

Aleda noticed that his eyes were a deep shade of blue. She wondered how she had missed that when he was in dragon form. It was unusual a dragon usually had yellow eyes. Aleda was already different with green eyes which suited a Night Fury fine.

She realised he was still waiting for her answer. She smiled and nodded, and walked into the cove. She sat down on the ground and Niall sat down facing her.

"So, I guess I should start by introducing the natural form!" He started, but cut off by Aleda again.

"The form of dragon where it is the easiest to turn into?" She wondered.

"Actually, not all the time." Aleda looked at him, confused, "Well, mostly it is. Natural form is, let's just say, the form you were born to be."

"Yeah, because I thought it was the form you're not born to be." Aleda said, sarcastically.

"I'll give you an example. It's easiest for me to turn into a Night Fury because I've been doing that for fifteen years now. But the thing is, my natural form is a Flightmare."

"Wait! Stop right there!" Aleda blurted, "You're a \_flightmare\_?"

"Hard to believe, right?" He chuckled, "A natural form isâ€¢ let's say you've never turned into a dragon before, nor have you seen one. The dragon you transformed into, is your natural form, because, it's, well, natural to you."

"Do the eyes make any difference?"

"Maybe. But it might be, seeing that you have green eyes, and Night Furies usually have green eyes. And I've never seen a Flightmare close up before, so I'm not sure if they have dark blue eyes."

"But they fitâ€¢" She slowly said. "Before, you said that you've been transforming into a Night Fury for a long timeâ€¢ so does that mean, the more you transform into that dragon form, the more youâ€¢ get used to it?"

"You can say that," He answered, "If you transform into a new dragon form for the very first time, you'll have to do some practising." Niall resisted the urge to chuckle again, "Except for your natural form. But it still takes practising toâ€¢ master the dragon."

Aleda seemed thoughtful for a while, and Niall continued, "But there are a few things you need to watch out forâ€¢ If you're turning into a titan-winged dragon, or just any huge dragon, you might break some bones or feel very sore if you're not flexible enough."

"Are you serious?"

"Think about it. You're turning from this," He gestured to her body, signifying how small it was, "To something as big as a mountain!"

Aleda nodded, and commented, "I happen to know that our human bodies are connected to our dragon bodiesâ€¢ Likeâ€¢ if I injure my leg, my leg will still be injured as a dragon."

"Correction. All of your forms are connected to each other, and more than you think as well. Injuries are just one part. Things like aim, stamina, agility, flexibility, strength are also connected."

"How?"

"Let's say you've been running a lot as a human, you'll realise that it helps you as a dragon â€“ although doing something as a dragon will help you more, since we are stronger as a dragonâ€| though not as strong as other dragons, since we are still humans, in a way. But the side effect of that would be soreness when you turn backâ€| so not always a good idea."

"How do you know all of these?" Aleda wanted to know.

"I have a mother that's also a multi-breed." Niall smiled, creating two dimples on either side of his cheeks.

"Well, it sucks to know that I can't fly for ages because I'm weaker than normal dragons." Aleda huffed, and felt somehowâ€| unfair.

"But you're stronger than normal humans." He concluded, "That's not such a bad thing if you're living with humans."

"I guess," She agreed, "But quite a bad thing if you're living with dragonsâ€| I mean, when a dragon realises who I am, they disgust me."

"Not all." Niall shrugged.

"What do you mean, not all?"

"The dragons that live in my nest treats us as equal."

Aleda imagined where dragons would not be revolted at her â€“ it was hard, since she had always received identical reactions.

There was another question she wanted to ask since seeing Niall's human face, "Why aren't there any scales on your skin?"

"That's a good questionâ€|"

"Soâ€| do you know?"

"My mother says it's something to do with maturing. I thought it was something to do with the gender."

"Are you saying that scales are less visible on boys?"

"After I met you, I was more certain on that theory."

"Does that mean I'll have these on me forever?" She asked with desperation.

"Uhâ€| my mother's scales disappeared when sheâ€| matured." Niall chose his words carefully.

Desperation had made Aleda blunt, "Matured? What do you mean by \_matured\_?"

Niall's face reddened a little, "When you're ready toâ€| mate."

Aleda blushed, "Oh."

The two looked everywhere but each other for a while.

"Is that a bow?" Niall broke the silence.

"Yeah, my brother made it." Aleda smiled from mentioning Hiccup.

"Are you good with it?" Niall smirked a bit.

"Where are you going with this?"

"Lesson number one," His grin grew wider as he stood up, "A Night Fury never misses."

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Sorry about the delay â€“ I won't give up on this story, but I will update very slowly, since school is taking up most of my timeâ€œ I should've updated this earlier, though I'm still not very happy with this chapter. Do you think this chapter is a little too boring? D:<strong>

\*\*I scrapped this whole chapter because I had another idea in mindâ€œ and to make it more realistic. And thus changing Niall's personality quite a lot. Oops.\*\*

\*\*I do have a basic idea where this story is going â€“ but I'm still writing as I decideâ€œ Do you think it's too much of a coincidence that Aleda and Hiccup (in the events of the movie) goes to the same cove?\*\*

\*\*I'm not very happy with this chapter â€“ it's a bit boring to me, and it's just them talking about their kind. Well, at least the next chapter should include some humour. At least I hope it's funnyâ€œ Once again, sorry for not updating for a long time. I haven't written the next chapter yet, so it might take quite a long time.\*\*

\*\*After some searching, I realised I have also written a one-shot of Hiccup that takes part during Heather Report. I wrote it for fun, but if you want to read it, I'll post it :)\*\*

\*\*I hoped you enjoyed the chapter (though I didn't) and I'll see you next time :)\*\*

### 13. Aim

\*\*I really apologise for my lateness, but I have work and I procrastinate too muchâ€œ :/\*\*

\*\*From now on, I think I'm going to pick up the pace â€“ reason being I have writer's block, and I do want to get to the movie part. And there's really not much to write during these time except for Aleda and Niall's interaction, so you can post some request on whatever Hiccup's up to â€“ maybe a crazy invention? Or a funny moment.\*\*

\* \* \*

><p><em>Aim<em>

\* \* \*

><p><em>Ziing!<em>

\_Thud.\_

The arrow landed perfectly on its target.

Again.

She smirked and looked at the dragon next to her. He gave a huff and narrows his eyes in concentration.

The purple gas gathered in its mouth before it shot out in extreme energy. It inched closer and closer to its target andâ€|

\_Boom!\_

Exploded in mid-air.

"Ha! One point to the archer!" Aleda pumped her fist up in the air while Niall puffed.

"\_Ugh, the target is too far away, and I need to gain height for more power.\_" He groaned.

"Excuses excuses excuses." Aleda smiled widely now as she notched another arrow on her bow. "Want to challenge me again?"

"\_I'd like to see you do that as a dragon.\_"

\_Thud.\_ The arrow landed on the existing arrow.

"\_Show off.\_" He rolled his eyes.

"What difference would that make?" Aleda was elated, and also a bitâ€| full of herself at the moment as she ran and collected her arrows.

"\_Why don't you try?\_" There was a hint of challenge in his voice, \_"You can get a closer target.\_"

"Deal." Aleda hung the bow around her again and with transform with some rough pauses.

Niall looked at her, smug.

"\_Oh, shut up. I don't have as many years of practice as you did.\_" She frowned. She concentrated and opened her mouth, filling her mouth with gas.

She let go of her fire and the purple blast soared forward, inching closer and closer to the targetâ€|

The blast deviated slightly from its path, and exploded a few steps beside the target. Aleda grunted and whined â€" she would've been able to shoot that with a bow and land the arrow straight in the centre!

"\_Hmm, guess you're not as good as a dragon after all.\_" Niall smiled

smugly, and Aleda growled.

"\_Then tell me how! I've been doing great with the bow!"\_

"\_Well, using a bow and shooting from your mouth is not the same thingâ€|"\_

"\_But you said they were connected!"\_

"\_That's why you only missed it by a few steps! You could've shot the blast all the way over there!"\_ Niall tilted his head and gestured to the forest.

Aleda slumped onto the ground, \_"Fine, tell me how to shoot straight."\_

"\_The first thing is, when you let go of your blast, your head tilted slightly to the right, which was the reason why your blast deviated. You need to shootâ€| straight."\_

"\_You're a terrible teacher, you know that?"\_

\* \* \*

><p>The whistling that could cause a big burly Viking to shiver became louder and louder, and the destructive purple blast hit the target, shattering it to bits. The Night Fury spread his wings at the last second and glided back to the ground.</p>

"\_Your turn."\_ Niall landed silently.

"\_I don't want to start a forest fireâ€|"\_ Aleda crouched and whined.

He rolled his eyes and nudged his head towards her, \_"You'll be fine, we've been shooting targets on the ground for a month! You are not going to bail out in the last second!"\_

"\_What if I do?"\_ She stood up and started to walk away. A sudden blast brought her off her feet and she turned around, eyes slit and teeth unsheathed.

"\_Why did you do that?!"\_ She hissed, angrily.

"\_Because you're being a coward."\_

"\_I am not a coward!"\_

"\_Prove it."\_ He lazily put his head down and stared at her. She huffed and spread her wings out.

"\_Fine."\_ She crouched and shot up towards the sky, pumping her wings. She glided across the sky and drew a circle with her wings. Then she dived, her wings whistling and her mouth filling with gas. She narrowed her eyes, and as she got closer and closer, she let out her ball of blast, and proceeded to pull up.

The blast was a little bigger than Aleda thought, and it hit both the target and the thin tree next to it. The tree shook, heaved and started to fall.

"Thump!" The tree landed on Niall's tail as he screeched. He shook his tail, but it he couldn't lift the tree off.

"Sorry! Are you okay?" Aleda swooped down and tried to drag the tree away to no avail. She gave up and tried to look at his injury.

Niall waggled his tail slightly, and was relieved that it brought no pain, and he couldn't feel any broken bones either. Aleda realised that there was no danger, and she laughed.

"What are you laughing at?" He commanded and glared at Aleda.

"Your hopeless face!" She snorted and giggled.

"Help me and get that thing off me!" He snarled, but only brought more laughter in Aleda.

"Nah, you look pretty cozy!" She plopped down and pretended to take a nap.

"Hey!" He attempted to nudge her, but she scooted further away.  
"Get this thing off me! Please!"

"Are you begging me?" She smirked, and haunted him as she ghosted just in front of him, "I'll help you if you promise not to tease me anymore."

"Fine! I won't tease you!"

"Promise?"

"Yes! Now let me out!"

She chuckled and shot a blast at the tree. It bounced and sprung away, scorched and smoking. Niall puffed out a ring of smoke and walked away.

"I'll get my revenge." He swished his tail back and forth and continued to stalk away from her.

"I look forward to it!" She shouted back in delight.

\* \* \*

><p>"What are you working on?" Aleda walked up to Hiccup, slurping her cup of yak milk and offering Hiccup one.</p>

He took the cup and answered, "Just some contraptions." He gulped a mouthful and wrote some runes beside the complicated looking sketch.

"Whirlingâ€| Hammers?" She read the runes out loud and silently wondered how anyone would be able to lift it. "How does it work?"

"So someone is going to lift it from here," He pointed at the small wooden handle at the top, "And throw it!"

"Uh, throw it where?"

"To the sky! Where the dragons are!"

Aleda's face darkened and she frowned. "And why would you want to do that?"

He spun around and looked at Aleda's eyes. "Because you can kill a dragon with it?"

"Hiccup," Aleda started, "Nobody is going to be able to lift that."

"You underestimate the power a Viking can have when they are in a battle mode." Hiccup's confidence didn't waver — if their dad can lift a hammer and an axe at the same time, why couldn't the others lift three hammers on a wood frame?

"Even if they can," Aleda continued, "they'll get hit by that device itself."

"We can always change the position of it..."

"And most importantly, how are you going to use it?" She looked at Hiccup, eyes boring into his. "You'll need to prove it works, and if you can't use it, how are you going to do that?"

Hiccup's grin fell as he took in his sister's words. "Maybe, you should make something that doesn't require much strength!" Hiccup flinched at the last word, and his lips flattened against each other. "You know, something you can push with wheels?"

Hiccup's face lightened up as he reconsidered. Aleda smiled at her brother's enthusiasm and cheered him on, "How about you write down some more ideas? I'm sure some of them would definitely work."

"Thanks." Hiccup grinned again, "Remember to drop by and look at them!" He turned around and reached for another piece of leather to write on. Aleda walked out of the room, proud of her brother's talents, but scared that one day, he might cause more harm than good with his inventions.

\* \* \*

><p>"How much more do I have to do?" Aleda panted as sweat rained down her forehead, "I'm sweating so much that it felt like I just left the water!"</p>

"Well maybe it would help if you took the cloak off!" Niall rebutted.

"Easy for you to say! You're not doing anything! How can you take off a cloak when both of your hands are gripping on a branch?" Aleda hung from the branch and glared at Niall who was lying on the ground, who was currently relaxing and chewing his lunch.

"Do ten more, then maybe I'll let you eat your lunch." He yawned and plopped the remaining piece of fish in his mouth.

"\_Ten more\_?! Are you serious? I don't have super strength!" She yelled, and struggled to pull herself up the branch, "I don't think I can even do one now!"

"That's why you need to work harder! You don't want dragons thinking you're a weakling, do you?" Niall plopped up his elbow and looked at Aleda.

"No, but I think we could work on it over time!" She retorted and finally popped her head up over the branch, then let herself relax again as she hung from the branch again.

"One!" Niall ignored her comment and counted the number of times she could push herself over the branch, "Nine more to go!"

"But I already did ten before!" She protested, trying a different way to convince Niall.

"That's what you get for laughing at me a month ago!" He stuck his tongue out and whistled a tune.

"But that was so long ago!" Aleda pulled herself up again. "Five!" She wheezed, catching her breath when an audible crack was heard. "What was that?" She looked around and Niall turned his head to her.

"What was what?" He asked when it was heard again.

Aleda looked at the branch she was holding on to and gave a horrified look to Niall.

Then she fell.

And right on top of Niall.

"Argh! Get off me!" He scrambled to push her off.

"Your hands are in the way!" She yelled and accidentally placed her foot on his legs. He yelped and kicked his legs, causing her to fall off and thumped on the ground.

"Why would you do that?" Aleda sat up from her fall and shook her head.

"You stepped on my legs!"

"You don't have to react so violently!"

"Sorry."

"Ugh." She stood up and glared at Niall, "Where's my lunch?" The both looked towards the floor to see a mashed piece of fish on the ground. Aleda grumbled, "It's all your fault!"

"Says the one who fell down from the branch!"

"Whatever. I'm going to fish." She immediately turned back into a dragon. \_"And I'm not fishing for you.\_"

"I already ate. He yawned and lied on the ground.

\_Stupid Niall.\_ She thought as she flew away from the cove.

And right back to the cove.

"What are you doing?" He eyed her strangely.

"\_Uhâ€| You might want to look at this.\_ Aleda stepped back, her eyes scanned above the cove. Niall stood up and immediately transformed, eyes slitted. A few dragons appeared from the bushes, stepping stealthily with and snarling at them, as if they were hunting for a prey.

"\_What's going onâ€|?"\_ Aleda's voice quivered as she looked at the approaching dragons.

"\_Multi-breedsâ€|" One of them growled, voice dripping with hatred.

"\_We must kill them all!"\_ The other one snapped, and all dragons hurled at them at once.

Niall's eyes widened as he yelled, \_"Fly!"\_

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Again, I'm sorry for how late this isâ€| I'll try my best â€" it takes quite a long time since I'm still writing these as I post, and I usually try to post right after I finish the chapter :)<strong>

\*\*Review Replies for the anonymous :P\*\*

\*\*Guest: I think I watched the trailer once and I actually thought he was Tuffnut XD\*\*

\*\*Cherryblossom21: Sorry for these lateness D: But I'm trying to speed it up. And the pairing? :D Wait and see ;)\*\*

\*\*Nellie: I don't think Niall is going to visit the villageâ€| but Hiccup will definitely know something is up if he wasn't so focused on his inventionsâ€| XD\*\*

\*\*I hope you enjoyed this chapter and watch out for the next chapter â€" how will Niall and Aleda survive these dragons? :D\*\*

## 14. Pain

\*\*Important announcement at the bottom. PLEASE CHECK IT OUT.\*\*

\*\*Okay, I'm really sorry for not posting this earlier. But seriously, I had mocks and essaysâ€| And writer's block, and I was sickâ€| and generally I was just procrastinating. Sorry D:\*\*

\*\*I kept rewriting this chapter over and over again because I just had to perfect itâ€| I'm still not happy about the smoothness of this, but look out for some "romance" XD I've decided that this story

will not have too much romance because Aleda and Hiccup are just 14. (By the way, how old do you guys think Niall is? XD)\*\*

\*\*Here's the chapter that's been long awaited for ¯\_\" Thank you for some of the reviews for slapping me awake. (And wow! So many views . Thanks guys.)\*\*

\*\*Disclaimer: I do not own How To Train Your Dragon or the characters in it.\*\*

\* \* \*

><p><span><em>Pain<em>

\* \* \*

><p>The two Night Furies swerved to dodge several attacks. From the ground level, it seemed like the two dragons were dancing in the air, creating beautiful patterns and drawings. However, they could also see that they were dangerously close to the chasing dragons.</p>

"\_We have to gain height!" \_Niall yelled, his tail moved just out of the way from a gel like fire line.

"\_This is the highest I can get!" \_Aleda's eyes started to water from the height, her wings ached as she pumped harder. The confusing clouds surrounding her wasn't helping either.

"\_Turn around and shoot!" \_He snarled as he tried to bite someone that got too close.

"\_I can't attack them! They're dragons!" \_She desperately flicked her tail the other way, tilting to the right more than she was supposed to, and fell.

"\_Under control by the damn Queen!" \_He dove tightly to avoid being scratched, and rose back up to face those same dragons that tried to cut him.

Meanwhile, Aleda panicked as she fell from the sky. \_Calm down! Calm down!\_ She commanded herself and recalled the lessons she received from Niall. \_Breath, breath¯\_ Flipping her body around in the air, she heaved and changed her tail position, and shot upwards again.

She hesitated when two dragons turned to face her. Her pause gave them enough time to attack, and as a result, she found herself flying away again, instead of attacking. \_"Gods Aleda! Attack!" \_She heard his shout, wincing as a hot fire burnt her scales. \_Must be the Nadders.\_

"\_Sorry!" \_She gritted her teeth as a few scales fell off from the heat and turned around in her mid-flight, charging her mouth with purple blasts of energy. She found her targets and let go, hoping that at least her target practices would help. It was weaker than her dive-blasts ¯ but it will have to do.

One of her blasts hit her target, while the other merely exploded in a few inches before the dragon. One of them scampered off, while the other spun and shot back towards her. Her eyes widened when she

realised what it was about to do, and tried to twitch in order to avoid the blow. The dragon missed by a few inches, brushing past her in high speed. Above, she could hear Niall's whistles and blasts as one after another dragon began to escape.

Still, she couldn't help the anxious feeling when she saw that he was fighting more than two dragons at once. One side of her argued that he could handle himself, but the lump in her heart only grew.

\_This is not the time to contemplate my feelings!\_ She snapped at herself and flew upwards towards Niall, shooting a weak fireball towards one of the dragons to distract it.

Without seeing whether the shot made it, as Niall had taught her, she turned and dove downwards, hoping that it would follow. She heard flaps of wings, and smiled as she realised her plan had worked. She continued to dive until she broke the cloud layer and saw the green land below her. Without warning, she extended her wings and twisted to the side to prevent crashing into the dragon (which she did once against Niall in a lesson â€“ it didn't end well) and swerved upwards, using her agility against them.

She heard a crash, but didn't risk turning her head back â€“ that would cause her to lose balance again. She continued to pump her wings upwards into the clouds until she could see him again. Judging by the silhouettes, she figured that he was only facing two dragons now. They spun around each other, their shapes becoming bigger by seconds. When she finally reached their height, she faintly heard Niall's pants â€“ \_He's tired! That's why they're falling!\_

She forced her wings to continue flying up, and waited for the right time. Then she dove into the middle of Niall and the two dragons as they formed a hole, successfully distracting one of them for Niall to strike down. He risked a glance at her, and nearly hissed when he spotted a shape hurling towards her. \_Watch out!\_

Surprised, Aleda stopped her movement to let herself fall freely, watching a dragon snapped at where she was a second ago. She involuntarily shivered when she imagined what would have happened if Niall hadn't warned her.

She struggled to fly upright when she noticed the dragon that tried to sneak up on her recovered, and started to flap towards her. The wind underneath her prevented her to turn at the right angle, and she tumbled through the air without control.

\_Come on!\_ Now that she was under the clouds, she could see that it was no longer white and fluffy â€“ they turned grey, an indication of another storm. She cursed Berk's quick weather changes, the wind blew harder underneath her half stretched out wing.

\_Wait.\_ She was still falling, but there was something missing.  
\_Where was that dragon?!\_

She yelped when she felt the heavy contact on her side. Through the tears that gathered, she recognised the dragon â€“ \_I thought he scampered off!\_ She felt another crash against her, and she couldn't help but scream at the strong collision.

There was a distant shout, and the extreme pain that suddenly bloomed

across her body. Her screams turned into whimpering, her head threatened to shut down, the side of her vision turned black. She could only see trees â€“ lots of trees.

Was that a dragon? She couldn't tell whether her mind was imagining that or not. The small focus of her eyes detected an orange blur that closed in on her. Her instincts screamed at her to move, to dodge, but her limbs couldn't move no matter how hard she tried. The black zone wormed its way towards the tiny space left in her vision.

She could hear scraps of her name, the voice fuzzy and blurryâ€|. Everything around her seemed so insignificant and blocked out.

The last thing she heard was a furious roar and a black shaped leaped across that tiny hole as she fell into the darkness that surrounded her.

\* \* \*

><p>The adrenaline still pumped through him.</p>

That was too close. He was too close to losing her â€“ he meant, losing the only other multi-breed that was not his family.

Yes, that's why he was worried. She was his friend, nothing more than that.

Right?

If he had been just a second later, in front of him would not be an unconscious Aleda, but a dead Aleda.

Of course, he would win in a one on one dragon combat. He had loads of experience and lessons on that, thanks to his mother.

But he had always been prepared. That, however, was not.

He had always prided to have a plan when he attacked or defended, because he could see the results and knew exactly what to do. It kept him from unnecessary injuries, big or small.

So when he received not a scratch, but a few deep scratchesâ€| he was disappointed at himself.

It didn't help that it started to rain.

Oh, and there was lightning as well.

Niall was prepared to yell at the sky, but right now, he needed to tend to Aleda. Who was lying on the ground, unconscious.

Note to self, teach her how to figure out weather patterns and what to do in a bad weather. He grumbled, At least she had the right mind to wrap her wings around herself before falling. By the way she looked, he thought there was no broken bones, but that's something a healer was supposed to know.

The healer between the two was unconscious.

Those scratches hurt, but right now, it didn't matter. Aleda was

injured and unconscious, and the rain would most likely worsen her situation.

And it was hard to tell how much time has past. But he knew that she had family somewhere on this island, and that they will come find her when night falls.

He also knew that her village hated dragons.

Problem was, she was in \_dragon \_form. If someone found her right nowâ€|

He shuddered at the thought.

He quickly formulated a plan. Step one â€“ turn Aleda back to a human.

\_But how?\_ She was unconscious, so waking her up was not an option.

He searched in his memories, the lessons his mother taught him. Now he wished he had listen, so he wouldn't be stuck in this position.

\_Scalesâ€| Nope. Behaviour? Nah. Controlâ€| Not really.\_ He stomped his forelegs in frustration, accidentally on an area of wet mud that was caused by the rain, and his balance suddenly slid forward as his legs continued to slip forward.

\_Ow!\_ He swore when his stomach hit the ground, sending pain through his body and the natural instinct to stop that from turning him into another formâ€|

\_Wait a minute.\_

\_Pressure point!\_ He roared triumphantly, trying to ignore the pain to trot over to her limp form.

He considered using his hands by turning back into man form â€“ but it was raining, and that would most likely give him a nasty cold.

He used his legs to untangle her wings, which was easier said than done.

Sticking his head at her stomach, he heard a grunt and the form in front of him shrunk.

"Niallâ€|"

He whipped his head upwards when he heard his name.

"Don'tâ€| leaveâ€|"

"\_What?"\_ He blinked, \_"I'm not going anywhere."\_

"Goodâ€|" She sighed, her eyes still closed.

He held his wing over her to prevent the rain from soaking through, silently wondering what she meant.

\_She's just delirious\_. He thought. \_Does she need help?\_

Now he really wished he listened to his mother. He could barely remember what she had taught him about simple injuries and treatment, but he was so engrossed on stretching his wings and fly, he did not listen.

His eyes wandered back to her, and gratefully noticed that she had her cloak on. If it weren't for the fight that just occurred, he would have thought she was fast asleep.

\_I think she needs help.\_ He tilted his head and his heart nearly stopped when her chest went still.

\_Wait. No. No. What?!\_

And then he heard a rasp breath, and her chest moved upwards.

\_Alright. She definitely needs help.\_ He lifted his head to listen and smell around him.

Nothing.

\_Maybe a fire would help\_. He spit a small fire ball at a nearby tree. It was extinguished quickly by the rain.

Far away, he heard a yelp.

Then shouts.

And then rapid footsteps.

Looking back at her one last time, he bounded away to the cove, trying to not look back and worry about her.

He soothed himself by repeating that her villagers will come to her.  
\_I'll get some sleep and tend to my wounds later.\_

When the villagers found Aleda, who was cold and soaked, they passed off her moans as illiterate babble.

"Niall."

\* \* \*

><p><em>Why hello there.</em>

What?

\_The heir to the throne, huh?\_

Niall stiffened.

"Who is this?!" He tried to mask his worry, voice coming out more confident than he expected.

\_So evasive! You thought leaving your family and kingdom would stop me from finding you?\_

A chuckle echoed all around him, and he was starting to realise what thisâ€| thing was.

\_You never stayed in one place for longer than a monthâ€| Escaping from my claws for twenty years! But finally! My effort will not go to waste!\_

"No, this is impossible." He breathed. "You're just an illusion."

\_Illusion? Ha! You've grown more foolish. Must be your human sideâ€| This is why you must be destroyedâ€| or serve under me.\_

"This is impossible." He repeated, exasperated, "You were dead! I made sure you were!"

\_It takes more than that to kill me, fool.\_ Another chuckle rang around him, but it was moreâ€| bitter.

"What do you want, you \_monster\_!" He gritted his teeth, finally coming around that She was indeed, still alive.

\_Monster? \_She seemed unfazed, \_I am not the monster, I am the Queen. The monster, is \_\_\*\*you\*\*\_\_. You took everything away from meâ€| now you will feel my painâ€| but many more times!\_

"Try me." He snarled this time.

\_Oh, I already have. Who was that girl that you so fiercely protected from my minions?\_

He froze, "What did you do?!"

\_So worried, so concerned. My my, are you in \_\_\*\*love\*\*\_\_ with her? Foolish humans, foolish multi-breedsâ€|\_

"Tell me what you did to her!" He shouted, slashing atâ€| nothing.

\_I don't knowâ€| What \_\_\*\*did\*\*\_\_ I do to her?\_ A cold laughter rang around him again, and he was left in the darkness, trembling with fear and anger, but could do nothing about it.

\* \* \*

><p>Pain.</p>

How many times did she wake up with that?

Especially around her head?

That murkiness â€" it was starting to become familiar to herâ€|

Her body throbbed with pain similar to broken bones. Her muscles complained, but her experienced mind told her that there were no broken bones.

Opening her eyes, she looked up at the ceiling that she knew so well, both in work and when she was injured.

\_How did I end up here? What happened?\_ Her head hurt, as if it would tear her entire head apart. She took deep breaths â€“ it didn't seem to help.

"Aleda." Hiccup's voice echoed over and over in her head. She squeezed her eyes shut to stop it, and for the first time for as long as she could remember, she felt something wet in her eyes.

She suddenly felt so \_useless\_. She hated the hovering, she hated those patterns on the roof, she hated the smell, she hatedâ€¦ just about everything around her right now.

\_Is something wrong with me?\_

And there was this ache in her chest that she didn't understand. It made her want to tear the furs under her hands, to yank her hair out and punch someone, \_something\_.

Normally, Aleda would be very suspicious of herself at this situation â€“ but nooo, her heart said to \_scream as loud as she could\_, and her brain had no say in it.

"\*\*Leave me alone!\*\*" She screamed, hot fat tears rolling down her cheeks (but of course, nobody could see that). She choked and felt as though she was \_drowning\_ in air. "Gods! Why do I have to be so \_different\_! Just because I wear a damn \_cloak\_ doesn't mean I'm not \_normal\_! Why won't you leave me alone?!" She let out a string of curses â€“ most in Norse and some from Latin, which she had a problem remembering anything \_but\_ the curses.

And even then, she really didn't know why.

Gods, she felt as if she was abandoned, over and over again, and then poked and jeered at, and nobody would save her from the world tumbling down.

Well, she wasn't far away from the truth.

And then she sobbed â€“ \_sobbed!\_ â€“ uncontrollably, her uneven breaths jagged, her hands shook again. She felt as if the world was tumbling down, but for what reason, her brain couldn't decipher.

She felt like as if her mind was immersed in fog â€“ she couldn't see anything, couldn't hear anything, couldn't feel anythingâ€¦ And then all the words she heard in her life, but determined to not let it get to herâ€¦

\_Useless.\_

\_Freak.\_

\_Runt.\_

\_Abomination.\_

\_Coward.\_

\_Hopeless.\_

\_Pathetic.\_

\_Disgrace.\_

It was as if she was reliving every bitter, acidic moments in her life. \_Stop it! \_She tried to bat them away, but they only wrapped around her tighter. She could only curl into herself, hide and hope that they would go away.

"\_You're saying that just so I'm happy.\_"

The sudden change of her surroundings confused her, but at least it wasn't so dark anymore.

"\_That's not why I said it.\_"

"\_You're lying!"\_

"\_I'm not.\_"

"\_Yes you are!" She turned away, tears leaking from her eyes.\_"

The confusion slowly turned into recognition, her mind still fresh about the conversation.

"\_I'd be lying if I said you weren't." His voice softened, "You're different, but that's not a bad thing. You are most loyal, true person I've ever met. It sets you apart â€" it makes you unique.\_"

\_She stayed silent, and wiped her tears away with the back of her hand. He turned her around so she was facing him, her hood down and black scales shone under the sunlight.\_

"\_You are not an abomination. You're a multi-breed. You're not pathetic â€" heck, you carried on with my training even if they hurt like Hel." She let out a little chuckle, allowing the salty tears to enter her mouth.\_"

"\_You, Aleda, are the most exceptional person I have ever seen." And without a warning, he put his hand on hers. She managed a weak smile, feeling his warmth on her hand, feeling slightly better from her random outburst.\_

"\_T-thanks." She croaked.\_

And she could never forget that day too â€" the day where her compressed feelings and emotions were released and solved, just by the words he said. She could almost feel his hand on hers at that moment â€" but no, it couldn't be real.

Indeed, when she dared to open her eyes again, it wasn't Niall. It was her twin brother, Hiccup.

"Hey, you alright?" His green eyes filled with concern â€" how she wished those were dark blue instead.

"Wha-What happened?" She slurred.

"You tell me. You suddenly started screaming."

"Oh. Sorry about that." She felt sheepish. Why did she shout again?

"So tell me, why were you in the woods when there was a thunderstorm?" His voice was a littleâ€| suspicious andâ€| angry?

"Huh?" She was confused â€" very, confused.

"You were unconscious in the woods." She could practically taste his impatient.

"I was?"

Hiccup stared at her for a little while â€" and knew she wasn't lying.

"What was the last thing you remember before waking up here?"

She scrunched up her face, trying to remember what happenedâ€| "Well, I rememberâ€| walking to the woods. I rememberâ€| sweating. A lot."

She blinked to get rid of the tears, and when she opened her eyes again, Hiccup was gone, presumably to go find Gothi.

\_Huh, I probably blinked longer than I thought.\_ She rubbed her head and winced at the pain, her mind full of Niall.

\_I wonder what he's doing right now\_.

She tried to recall what happened, but her head hurt and she could not remember. She suspected that she went to find Niall, though.

\_I must have had a concussion again\_. She thought, \_That would explain the loss of memory.\_

\_But how?\_

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Uh oh, looks like Aleda lost her memory about what happened. If you're really interested in what really happened, go search up the symptoms of concussion â€" I just exaggerated one of them.<strong>

\*\*IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT:\*\*

\*\*I'm rewriting this story, because I am unsatisfied with how this story started. I will be replacing the chapters with more detailed and less OC-centric chapters, but the overall content should stay the same. This may mean a long hiatus, and I'm sorry about that D: I know we all hate hiatus, but it's necessary. I don't know whether replacing chapters would alert you, but I will post another announcement when I've finished rewriting (Don't worry, I'm only rewriting those that I'm not happy with, a.k.a. the first few). So far, the prologue, which was 600+ words, have now been rewritten to over 3000 words :D I would highly recommend reading the reposted chapters, because some of my future chapters may have some reference

from them. There will also be more character development of other characters as well as my OCs (currently Aleda and Niall), and a much more subtle development of their relationship instead of the big jump I gave you guys.\*\*

\*\*Anyone else obsessed with Big Hero 6? XD\*\*

\*\*Reviews Replies for the anonymous :P\*\*

\*\*Guest: Glad to know you love this :D I've finally got around to update this chapter. Yay?\*\*

\*\*Guest: I'm sorry D: I did not realize that it had been 3 months (though really, it's been 4 .) I had just been quite busy with my school life.\*\*

\*\*Unknown: I don't know if you're the same person as the other Guest, but I'm so sorry . Just been too busy and life's been dumping crazy stuff for me.\*\*

\*\*Unknown: O\_O I didn't know that my story can give you inspiration XD And don't worry, he will, just not nowâ€| :))\*\*

\*\*Now that I'm done wasting your time, tell me what errors I've made in this chapter (or in any other chapters really).\*\*

\*\*I've been straining not to add more language I here. XD Just to let you know.\*\*

\*\*I hope you enjoyed this chapter and check out the rewritten chapters when I have time to post them :P (Oh and, tell me how old you think Niall is - Aleda is 14).\*\*

\*\*EDIT: Rewritten prologue should now be published. Go back to the first chapter of this story and read! Enjoy :))\*\*

End  
file.